

# Perolla and Izadora

A

## TRAGEDY,

As it was ACTED at the.

THEATRE ROYAL,

By Her Majesty's Servants.

---

*Written by Mr. CIBBER.*

---

—*Faber Inus, & Ungues.*

*Exprimet, & Molles imitabitur ære Capillos,  
Infelix operis summa, qui ponere totum  
Nesciet : Hunc ego me, si quid componere currem  
Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso  
Spectandum, nigris Oculis nigroque Capillo.*

Horat. de Art. Poet.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for BERNARD LEINTOTT, at the Cross Keys  
next to Nando's Coffee-House, Fleet-street;

Petrol's sage thoughts  
A  
TRAGEDY  
AS IT WAS ACTED IN THE  
THEATRE ROYAL  
BY MR. WIGFORD'S COMPANY



MORTDALE  
EDITION

---

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE,  
*CHARLES Earl of Orrery,*  
*Knight of the most Antient Order of the Thistle.*

THE Story of *Perolla* and *Izadora* was the Product of the Earl of Orrery Your Lordship's Noble Grandfather's leisure Hours in the Fam'd Romance of *Parthenissa*, which I found so irresistably Inviting, that I cou'd not help Aspiring (beyond what some People are pleas'd to call my Talent) in this Attempt of Forming it into a Tragedy: For I saw so many Beautiful Incidents in the Fable, such Natural, and Noble Sentiments in the Characters, and so just a Distress in the Passions, that I had little more than the Trouble of Blank Verse to make it fit for the Theatre: So that the Faults in the Figure it now makes are wholly owing to its present Dress, and not an Original want of Beauties. Just before I hurry'd it on upon the Stage, Your Lordship did me the Honour of Adjusting its Garniture, the Expression; Wherein I must own my Vanity was sufficiently mortified, to see after all my

## DEDICATION.

flatter'd Hopes and Care, how little I had been doing. But my Disquiet from the Criticism was soon allay'd by the Advantage of the Instruction : And tho' I dare not yet say, 'tis wholly excusable, yet I am bound to acknowledge, that Your Lordship's Perusal has left it several secret Faults fewer than it had : By the good Fortune of which Assistance it has been the better able to make its way through a favourable Third and Sixth Day, to claim its farther (I might say Native) Right to Your Lordship's Protection. Nor can I repent in the Possession of that Hope, which perhaps first drew me into *Helicon* a little out of my depth : Tho' I never thought it in danger of sinking, after I found Your Lordship thought it worthy Your Correction : For as I knew it impossible to make Faults, that Your Judgment wou'd not find, so I knew Your Understanding wou'd not find any, if the whole were incorrigible. This will easily be believ'd by those that know your Lordship's Strength in Poetry, to which your Genius is not only Great and Easie, but Inherent. And tho' it is the Misfortune of Poetry to stand in the Rank of neglected Arts, and to make few Men considerable, who have no other Quality to recommend 'em; yet in our Account of Mankind (tho' the Greatest Men have follow'd the Muses, yet) History tells us of a Thousand Hero's for One Great Poet. But your Lordship makes a right Use of the Art : You have the Power of Writing well, tho' you now forbear it, and rather choose to be Eminent according to the Age's Understanding.

The

## DEDICATION.

The Field is now in Fashion, and Your Lordship has prudently stept into the Ranks of Mars, when due Occasion shall call You forward to share in the Defence of Your Country. And as late Experience tells us, how Discerning Her Majesty's Judgment has been in the Distribution of Her Favours; so we may modestly conclude, that Her Foresight does not a little rely on the Promises of Your Lordship's growing Reputation, by the late Honours done Your Lordship, Enrolling you a Companion of that Order, which carries a peculiar Veneration in its Title, *The most Ancient Order of the Thistle.* But I am drawing my self into a Subject, that less needs a Panegyrick, than I shou'd Your Lordship's Pardon, shou'd I continue it. I will therefore beg leave to subscribe my self, with all Submission,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient and

Most Humble Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.

PRO-

# PROLOGUE.

Since Otway's Scenes how few have found the Art,  
To touch the Passions, and command the Heart?  
And yet from much Inferior Pens, we know,  
That Tears from happy Tales ill told will flow:  
How gross the Error then—  
To think in Plays, that Language is the whole?  
The Stile is but the Body.—Fable is the Soul;  
We boast no Beauties, nor from Faults are free,  
Yet we dare promise what you shall not see;  
And when we others' Faults with Caution shun,  
'Tis the first step I have sever'd of our own:  
First then our Muse has clipt her Wings to Night,  
Our Pegasus, as made for Speed, not flight,  
Strains fairly o're the Turf, nor soars from Nature's sight.  
No Big-moult'd Words the want of Thought supply,  
Nor scale the Ransack'd Heavens for Simile;  
No Scene for Talkings sake's brought useless on,  
Nor main Design concludes before the Play is done.  
No soft-soul'd Monarch pines for slighted Love,  
While the coy Nymphs his Humours to remove  
Can't bear t'account, but lumps him out her Charms,  
And with a generous Jump flies Rampant to his Arms,  
No Ranting Heroes with loud Glory swell,  
Nor build their Fame on Deeds impossible:  
No Parlying Armies battle on the Stage,  
While wrangling Chiefs in Wars of Words engage;  
Nay, we've neglected too, tho' much in fashion,  
To murther Innocence to move Compassion;  
Nor yet to raise your Terror can we boast,  
One dreadful Rising of a meal-fac'd Ghost:  
No Thunder roars, nor Lightning gilds the Sky,  
To usher down a dangling Deity.

Wonders like these we have not chose to shew,  
For nothing's Great, what's not in Nature True:  
The Scenes we chose to shew you, only crave  
They may at least a friendly Sentence have;  
For what Severity might kill, Advice may save:  
Let 'em your Warning, not your Censure see;  
For 'wo'd, methinks, a kind of Justice be,  
To give the Muse a safe Retreat to Comedy.

Exit.

EPILOGUE.

# EPilogue.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

WELL, Sirs ! you've seen a Prodigy to day :  
Two Lovers true ! in this old-fashion'd Play ;  
But these were Romans : Our more modish Age  
No such Examples shew, but on the Stage :  
Of all the Sparks, that sigh and ogle here,  
(Hold ! let me see --) the Chief are There, and There. [Pointing to the  
Shew me but one that wou'd expose his Life, } Side-Boxes.  
To gain that Comfortable Thing, a Wife : } Indium H.  
But here, how many Husbands do I see ? } [The Pit.  
Wou'd gladly venture Hanging to get free !

I wish Perolla may not soon increase  
The dismal Melancholick List of these : } unioia  
Our Hearts, when marry'd, we but ill defend, } unioia  
For that's the Time to gratifie a Friend ; } silens I  
Maids are unpractis'd, nice, and blush to try : } silens I  
What most they wish, and fear they know not why : } silens I  
But Wives grow bold, and find when better taught,  
The Danger's not so great, as once they thought.  
Such Wroes there may be, Sirs, but Oh ! how few  
Of us are false, compar'd to sinful You.  
The Faults, that by our injur'd Sex are done,  
Are owing to the Vices of your own : } unioia  
Fond to Provoke, you take the Manly way,  
To Swear and Lye, to Flatter and Betray ; } unioia  
Such is your Humour, or your Weakness such,  
You cannot bear to be Below'd too much : } unioia  
But roving on, new Conquests only prize,  
Giving to All what scarce wou'd One suffice ; } unioia  
And such tame Fools do you our Sex believe,  
Not to require the Favours we receive.  
Wou'd ye Gallants but fairly Play your Parts,  
And know the Value of our faithful Hearts ;  
Wou'd ye the Grounds of our Complaints remove,  
And make Returns of Constancy and Love ;  
You then wou'd find us Objects fit to trust,  
For we are true, when ever you are just :  
You then wou'd live with greater Pleasures blest,  
Than e're in Love's soft Empire were possest ;  
For every Lover in his Fair wou'd find  
True English Charms with Roman Virtue joyn'd.

Dramatis

2 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Bla. I take thee at thy Word: And let me warn thee well,  
[Raising her.]

Before I lend my Patience to thy Cause,  
That thou abuse it not with weak Defences,  
Lest my Resentment shou'd with double Right  
Be just to thy Undoing.

Iza. So may I justly meet it, or avoid,  
As my Defence shall Censure or Acquit me.

Bla. Then tell me, say, How canst thou first to set  
Thy watchless Eyes upon this fatal Wretch,  
When I thou know'st with such revolving Care  
Still bred thy Youth in Courts from him remote,  
To keep it (if 'twere possible) beyond  
The working Power of Fate to join you ever?

Iza. Lend yet your Patience, and the Fact will prove  
Not Izadora, but her Fate to blame.

Bla. Proceed, while yet my Temper holds to hear thee.

Iza. When Conqu'ring Hannibal's Vindictive Arms  
In Canne's fatal Field vhad late prevail'd  
A few press'd Romans, who escap'd his Sword,  
Retreated to the Town (where you t' avoid  
Perolla's sight had plac'd me with my Uncle Magius.  
It chanc'd a Party of Numidian Horse  
Pursued these flying Romans to the Gates,  
Which in Victorious Pride they ent'ren said,  
They wanted not to seize, but kindly came,  
They vaunting cry'd, to mend the Roman Breed  
On their young Wives and Daughters: On the Word,  
Strait to the Temple (where our Fears had shut us  
T' implore the Gods) the cruel Victors came,  
And from our Orisons with Brutal Force  
The Wives and Virgins dragg'd relentless forth,  
Whose piteous Cries and Shrieks so pierc'd the Hearts  
Ev'n of the lost and conquer'd Romans there,  
That Rage, Despair and Horror at the sight,  
Gave 'em a new and treble Courage to protect us,  
When strait they Fierce as darted Lightning flew  
With swift Destruction on the Ravishers:

And

# PEROLLA and IZADORA.

And in the Front of our Deliverers,  
A Youth with Straining Fury in his Eyes  
Seizing the Wretch, whose impious Hand was bound  
Fast in my Folded Hair, at one bold Stroke  
Unlock'd his horrid Hold,  
And laid him Gasping at my Feet:  
At length this Brave Example and the Cause  
Prevail'd; Half the Numidians slain,  
The rest in Fear retreated to their Camp:  
So Great, so Generous an Action—

Bla. Hold!

Your Praises may be spar'd, the Action speaks  
It self; and to be just, I will suppose Perolla  
Unknowing who you were was your Preserver.

Iza. It was indeed *Perolla*! Yet my Heart  
Not more was pleas'd with Life so greatly sav'd,  
Than griev'd to find the Obligation due  
Where your Commands had told me I must Hate.

Bla. Thus far thou art my Daughter still: But say  
What at *Petilia* past: For there I find  
Thy Childish Heart was flatter'd to thy Ruine.

Iza. Know then, that there he was a second time  
His Country's brave Deliverer, and mine:  
From our Escape at *Canne*, to *Petilia* next  
His Arms conducted us, where scarce arriv'd  
But *Hannibal's* pursuing Force besieg'd us:  
At which the fearful Magistrates allarm'd,  
Conclude on Shameful Terms to yield the Town;  
But He *Perolla* firm opposing them,  
They secret Plot without him to surrender,  
And knowing too me yet neglectful of his Love,  
Propos'd upon my Woman's Fears, that I  
Shou'd by my Person promis'd to his Vows  
Engage his Vote to yield in their Design;  
Or if I'd then Betray him to their Hands,  
They'd full Revenge me on his painful Passion,  
And send him Captive with their Terms to *Hannibal*.

# PEROLLA and IZADORA.

*Bla.* Most impious Traytors! But I hope you yielded not  
To such Proposals, tho' my Mortal Foe,  
I wou'd not Hurt him with my Country's Ruine.

*Iza.* O far from such a Thought! I held in just  
Abhorrence their Disloyal Fears, and to  
*Perolla* strait their Vile Proposals told,  
While He upon the instant fir'd to see me place.  
So kind, unhop'd a Confidence in him,  
Secures in Chains the false Conspirators,  
And from th' Example of his glowing Virtue  
So warms the Soldiers to exert their Arms,  
That (on a Council held) they sally forth,  
And in one Glorious Action raise the Siege.

*Bla.* And He on this slight Victory presuming,  
Tells his Big Tale, pleases your Female Pride,  
And, 'cause he sav'd *Petilia*, you were taken.

*Iza.* Yet hear my Fortune,  
And in your utmost Prejudice you'll own  
I yielded not till storm'd  
By farther Obligations to surrender.  
For at his glad return from that Victorious Salley,  
The Wives, the Matrons by his Sword preserv'd;  
The grateful Virgins too,  
More tender of his long neglected Love,  
In his behalf came kneeling to my Feet,  
And in such soft Persuasions urg'd his Passion,  
Sung with such moving Notes his Godlike Virtue,  
With their Necessity of now Rewarding it,  
So gently too reproach'd my Heart's Delay,  
That I too conscious of my own Demerits,  
Striving in vain to hide my speaking Blushes,  
In Tears fell prostrate to the Earth, and beg 'em,  
That they'd reproach no more my Virgin Fears;  
But if they thought this Trifle of my Person  
Were a Reward for any one that had  
Deserv'd my Country's Favour, to dispose it  
As they shou'd please—  
At this they caught me in their Friend'y Arms,

And

# PEROLLA and IZADORA.

5

And press'd me with a Thousand thankful Kisses,  
While some Transported to Perolla flew,  
Whose doubtful Heart cou'd scarce believe their Joy :  
But when for proof approach'd in sight of me,  
Seeing my Tears, my Trembling, and my Blushes,  
He rush'd like frightened Life to its Protection,  
Flew to my Yielded Hand, and Fainted at my Feet :  
Thus, Sir, you see 'tis to the Cause of Rome,  
And not Perolla's Charms, that I have given my Heart.  
Nay he Perolla too at my Request, Bla.  
Now from Petilia having sent me first Bla.  
To render both our Duties to a Father. [Gives a Letter.  
In just Obedience waves all Nuptial Hopes, Bla.  
Till your kind Sanction shall confirm him Happy. Bla.

Bla. My Daughter ! O my Dearest Izadora !  
Well hast thou wrought thy Tale to melt my Temper,  
Nor can I call thy fatal Love thy Fault,  
But thy Misfortune Now ———  
Find but another Name for lost Perolla,  
And he were yet, in spite of Prejudice, or Bla.  
The First of Men I'd offer to thy Wishes : Bla.  
But as he is, the false Pacuvius Son, Bla.  
The hateful curst Pacuvius, who before  
His Treacherous Revolt to Hannibal Bla.  
Was still thy Father's Mortal Foe : As such he was Bla.  
I must detest him, could he prove his Blood from Bla.  
Has not for Nine Descents our House implacable ? Bla.  
Held out to his a fix'd Hereditary Hate ? Bla.  
And shall we now, by so abhor'd a Union, Bla.  
Basely disdain our Great Fore-fathers Honour ? Bla.  
Shall that expended Blood, which never yet Bla.  
Has mix'd with theirs, bat on the reeking Earth, Bla.  
Flowing from mutual Wounds of unappeas'd Revenge, Bla.  
At last now ebb to the tame Quality Bla.  
Of a Supine and Little Love ? Bla.  
Dishonour ! Death ! and Tortures ! ———  
— And yet my Izadora is undone Bla.  
By Obligations bound, that Conscions Honour, Bla.

End T

(Act II)

## 6 PEROLA AND IZADOREA.

(And O I fear more punctual Love!) And bring me with you  
Can never see unpaid! What will the Gods do with me?

Iza. My dearest Father, on my Knees I beg,  
Let not your Fears for me divide your Breast  
With this Perplexity of Thought: For tho'  
My Soul can witness, that I'll sooner dye  
Than wrong the Friendship that I owe *Perolla*,  
Yet rather than forego my Duty,  
I wou'd resist my greatest Happiness.

Bla. Preserve that Thought, as thy first Hopes of Peace,  
Or losing it expect Resistless Ruine.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Gentleman call'd *Decius*, and  
In haste intreats to be admitted.

Bla. Conduct him. —— We must defer this Cause, my *Izadora*,  
Something Superior now demands my Thought,  
If thou canst quit *Perolla*, I am happy;  
If not, when I can crown thy Wishes  
With a Reserve to my untainted Honour,  
Depend upon a Father's Love.

Iza. I ask no more, or of the Gods, or You. [Ex. Iz.]

Enter Decius.

Bla. Thou'rt welcome *Decius*, doubly welcome, Now  
What says the Consul to our New-born Hopes? Still as we  
Are they approv'd, or are we Slaves to *Carthage*? I

Dec. Masters, I hope my Lord: But how those Hopes  
Go forward am I sent to learn of you.  
Are the *Salapians* still resolv'd?

Bla. All Firm, and restless to Retrieve, or to  
Revenge their Honour, and their Freedom lost,  
Which daily now th' Insulting *Hannibal*,  
Regardless of the Bonds on which he enter'd here  
Most Tyrant-like incroaches on: For know  
The false *Pacuvius*, tho' he wrought indeed  
A spleenful Faction to betray the Town,  
Yet with his utmost Skill cou'd on no easier terms  
Deceive the Populace t' unbar the Gates,

Than

## PERICLE and ISADORA.

7

Than first of twenty Days compleat allowed  
For ev'n those Votes, that had oppos'd his Entrance,  
To make their Choice for Rome, or Hannibal,  
Which is indeed for Death or Slavery,  
As my wrong'd Brother Magius Blood sev're has prov'd.

Dec. How! Magius Dead! As a Delinquent Dead!  
Are these his Proofs of Faith? Of what accus'd?

Bla. I'll tell thee Deceas. My Brother seeing of late the Slave Pacuvius,  
Fawning, and Supple to the Imperious Nod  
Of Hannibal (whom he five Days before  
Had call'd his Country's Execrated Foe)  
His Boiling Heart, in Horror of the Sight,  
Ev'n to the Carthaginians Front burst forth  
Into such sharp Invectives on Pacuvius,  
Urging how much a Hero's Soul shou'd scorn  
The abject Friendship of so vile a Wretch,  
That tho' he lov'd the Treason, yet shou'd hate the Traitor:  
Stern Hannibal incens'd as much at what his Sword  
Had done, as what his Tongue then talk'd against him.  
Swore on the Instant he shou'd kneel, and ask  
Pacuvius Pardon, or that Instant die:  
Which Magius answering with a scornful Smile,  
That Moment by the Guards was dragg'd along,  
And on the common Shambles lost his Head.

Dec. O most Unhospitable Deed!  
And how, my Lord, do the Salapians take it?

Bla. As you may guess, by what I now from them  
Have to the Consul late propos'd: They hate  
This Deed, and by this Town restor'd to Rome,  
Resolve immediate to Revenge it.

Dec. And Right at once the Cause of Rome, and Blaesus.

Bla. For me it matters not: My pleas'd Despight  
Is half by Fortune acted on Pacuvius.  
I've liv'd at last to see him False and Perjur'd;  
False to his Gods, and Hateful to Mankind;  
For what can more deserve to be abhor'd,  
Than the vile Slave, that dares betray his Country?

Dec.

# PERSONA and IZADORA.

*Dec.* The greatest Justice that his Crimes can meet,  
Were from his greatest Foe to find his Punishment;  
And that I hope the Gods reserve for you.

*Bla.* Lift but my Eye-lids up, Ye Powers to see  
That Day, and let the Hand Of Fortune close 'em then for ever —  
We talk away the Time : How near's the Roman Army to *Salsipia*?

*Dec.* Six Leagues this Morning was their utmost Distance,  
And that their last Advances may be made  
The Consul first has sent me for Advice,  
To know what Numbers here were firmly Yours,  
How soon they cou'd be ready to receive 'em,  
What Gate wou'd easiest open to his Force,  
And if to Night he may begin his silent March?

*Bla.* First for our Numbers, our Accounts — But hold,  
It won't be safe too far to charge your Memory ;  
I better shall dispatch my self in Writing,  
You'll pardon, Sir, a Moment's Trespass on  
Your Patience.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord, *Pacurius* stays, from *Hannibal*.  
He says to treat with you.

*Bla.* *Pacurius*, ha ! 'Twere too much hazard, *Decius*, shou'd he find  
You here — Retire a Moment — I guess his Busines, which I'll soon dispatch,  
And then return to our Affair.

*Dec.* My Lord, I shall attend your leisure — [Ex. *Decius*.]

*Bla.* Where is he ?

*Ser.* He walks, my Lord, without upon the Pavement,  
And when I ask'd him if he'd please to Enter,  
He stern reply'd me, No ! I'll here see *Blacius*.  
If he wont come, I'm answer'd, in his silence.

*Bla.* Now our Design's so near a Head, it won't  
Be safe to slight a Thought from *Hannibal*,  
Tho' my swoll'n Heart disdains the Converse of  
This Traytor — Shew me, — [Ex. *Bla.* and *Ser.*]

*The*

*The SCENE drawing Discovers Pacuvius alone in a Piazza  
before Blacius's House.*

Pac. Fool that I am! I've hazarded too far!  
Shou'd *Blacius* now embrace the Offers I  
Must make, again my weak Revenge might fail me:  
For rather than partake one Cause with him,  
I wou'd again revolt from *Hannibal*.  
Since more my Spite to *Blacius*, than Regard  
To *Carthage*, has reduc'd me False to *Rome* — 'Tis true  
I've promis'd *Hannibal* to tempt his Faith —  
—I'll keep my Word — but keep the Statesman too,  
Who order'd to sollicit what himself dislikes,  
Takes care his manner of Persuasion may  
Prevail to get the thing refus'd — He comes.

*Enter Blacius.*

Bla. Thou hit'st me well, *Pacuvius*, and I'm glad  
Thy Pride refuses thee to enter here,  
Where Custom wou'd, I own, have bound me up  
To Hospitable Forms, which my Sincerity  
Disdains to pay the Man I hate.

Pac. And to avoid Civilities from thee  
Have I disdain'd to enter, and be these  
The only Forms that ever pass between us.

Bla. I greet thee with an equal Scorn,  
'Tis well — Deliver now thy Message.

Pac. My Message! What! think'st thou I am like thee?  
A Slave to be commanded?

Bla. ————— No:  
For to thy Fears and Falshood thou'rt a Slave,  
By *Rome* abhor'red, whose Cause thou hast betray'd;  
By *Hannibal* despis'd, to whom thou art  
A Slave, while I am only Captive from  
The Chance of War, or rather not of War —

Pac. But me — I hated thee, and I betray'd thee;  
And 'tis indeed my Soul's most comfortable Thought,  
To know that I have ruin'd thee.

Bla. On to thy Business.

## TO PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Pac. To Business then — From *Hannibal* I come  
To know, if yet thou hast resolv'd thy Choice;  
Twelve of the Twenty Days allow'd are past,  
And much he wonders at thy cold Regard  
Of all those Courteous Liberties, which he  
Unbound allows: No Guard upon thy Doors,  
No Persons question'd in Regress, or Entrance,  
Confin'd in nothing but thy Word for Residence;  
And in return to all these Favours, thou  
Not only doest delay thy own Alliance,  
But with thy best Persuasions doest retard  
Others inclin'd from their declaring — Now  
I have discharg'd my Trust to *Hannibal*;  
But to be honest to the Hate I owe thee too,  
I plain confess I wish thee still his Enemy;  
Nor wou'd I be a Monarch in that State,  
That won'd accept a Friend in *Blacius*:  
I've said, and now — thy Answer.

Bla. ————— This:

Tell *Hannibal*, tho' Twelve,  
Yet not the Twenty Days agreed are past;  
Till then he's bound in Honour not to urge  
My Choice, which yet it lists me not to make:  
And for the boasted Courtesies he does me,  
I've little tasted them since *Magius* Death.

Pac. I had forgot — That too was wrought by me.  
*Magius* had offended me, and I destroy'd him.

Bla. O! give me Patience! Thou! the honest Truths  
He spoke of thee consider'd in his Death,  
Wou'dst thou ascribe what *Hannibal* before  
Resolv'd, as done i'th' least regard to thee?  
Away, thy little Spleen was never thought on! Thou!  
Audacious Vanity!

Pac. I tell thee, it was I — I gave thy Brother Death,  
But thou'rt in Passion, and thy peevish Pride  
Is touch'd to find thy Sorrows due to me.

Bla. Is Passion then a Crime, when such as thou  
Escape Jove's Thunder, and infest Mankind!

## PEROLLA and IZADORA. 11

If Rage, or generous Resentment, be  
For Wrongs yet unreveng'd, a Crime ; 'tis sure  
The only one thy Soul yet never knew.

Pac. 'Tis False ! Nor is there in the horrid Scroll  
Of Deeds facinorous a Crime, at which my Soul  
Wou'd stop to prove my pointed Hate to *Blacius* :  
Nay, if thou think'st 'tis Tameness makes me Cool,  
I on occasion can be Loud as thee ;  
My Blood, as soon as thine, can boil to Passion,  
My Eyes with equal Fire confront thy Rage,  
My Sword with a superior Fury meet thee,

—But as thou art the Man I'm born to hate,  
Whose anxious Life I rather shou'd preserve  
To feed my Gall upon thy lingring Woes,  
Methinks 'tis more tormenting to thy Spleen,  
T'insult the thus — with calm deliberate Malice.

Bla. Hear this ye Powers !

Pac. One thing I farther too shou'd tell thee of,  
(For I confess it is a feeling Pleasure  
With such Excesses to afflict thy Soul)  
Letters this Morn inform me, that my Son *Perolla*  
In a late Sally at *Petilia*'s Siege,  
Has push'd his Youthful Gallantry so far,  
That in thy Daughter *Izadora*'s Eyes  
The Action had such sweet Romantick Charms,  
Sh'as quite forgot our Family's fierce Hate,  
Disowns her Father, and pursues his Love,  
I cannot say indeed she sigh'd in vain,  
But I believe his Longings may be over,  
For I am told the Boys satiety  
Has since dismiss'd her home again to thee.

Bla. Notorious ! Damn'd, invented Falshood !  
But that I've now a better way to gall  
Thy Heart, my Sword shou'd right her injur'd Fame.  
See there, the Stab to thy retorted Malice ;

[Gives him Perolla's Letter.]

Read there, who most forgets the Fathers's Hate :  
From his own Hand thy conquer'd Son's her Slave,

In Terms submissive begs he may Espouse her,  
 He burns, he dies with Horrour to Enjoy her ;  
 And let him perish, die and rot with lean Despair,  
 For cou'd (which is impossible) my Rage suppose,  
 That after my accumulated Wrongs,  
 And now thy spotted Malice to her Fame,  
 My Child cou'd think in favour of thy Son,  
 Perdition seize me, but these honest Hands  
 From her degenerate Breast shou'd rip her Heart,  
 And dash it in the Face of curs'd *Perolla*.

*Pac.* Damnation ! Marry her ! [Having read the Letter.]

*Bla.* What is thy Pride confounded at the News ?  
 Nay then at once to strike thee dumb for ever,  
 My *Izadora* ! Ho ! Come forth, thy Father calls !  
 Now thou shalt see that dire Revenge so long  
 Delay'd of our Contesting Houses Hate,  
 In conquering *Izadora's* Eyes at last  
 To ample Expiation is reserv'd —

Enter *Izadora*.

I call'd thee, *Izadora*, — Mark me well !  
 There stands the Man, whose Ancestors to thine,  
 As thine to his, for now Two Hundred Years  
 Have liv'd, and gloried in a ceaseless Hate ;  
 The Man, to whose perfidious Spite thou ow'st  
 Thy Father's Bondage, and thy Country's Ruine,  
 The Man who to my Face this instant now  
 Has thrown such vile Aspersions on thy Fame,  
 Thy Modesty wou'd sink shou'd I repeat 'em ,  
 Now then consider well —  
 That on thy just Resentment of these Wrongs  
 Depends our Houses Honour, and thy Fame's Revenge :  
 I think thou art my Daughter, and it were  
 To doubt thy Virtue shou'd I urge thee more ;  
 But as thou'rt conscious of no Stain deserv'd,  
 I now conjure thee by thy Mother's Tomb,  
 By her most dread Regards to spotless Fame,  
 And by the Father's Pangs of injur'd Honour,  
 Let thy disdainful Eyes exert their Art

T'avenge

T'avenge our mutual Wrongs on curs'd Perolla's Heart.

[Exit Blacius with Izadora.]

Pac. What grinning Fury from invidous Hell  
 Has plotted with this Fiend to grate my Soul !  
 My Son ! Perolla ! O abandon'd Boy !  
 Do I behold my Treasure of Revenge,  
 Which I in Avarice of Hate had like  
 A Self-denying Miser hoarded up  
 For my Support in feebler Spleens, Old Age  
 At last exhausted by a Woman's smile,  
 Consum'd in Folly by a spendthrift Boy,  
 And drain'd in Riots of degenerate Love !  
 Nor stops the Horror there, but forms new Fears :  
 What if in spite to me, as I to him,  
 The Vengeful *Blacius* shou'd comply with *Hannibal*,  
 Become his firm Ally, and then perhaps  
 His servile Arts, as they prevail'd with *Rome*  
 To get himself in scorn preferr'd to me,  
 May possibly alike succeed with *Carthage*,  
 And so a second time insult my Fortune !  
 Ten Thousand Poniards are within me,  
 ——Be hush'd my Heart, a Beam of dawning Thought  
 Darts to my Brain, and forms Reviving Ease ——  
 ——The Means I have——why not Resolve the Deed ?  
 'Tis done——my Vengeful Heart's at rest, and *Blacius*-dead.

[Exit.]

## A C T the S E C O N D.

The SCENE, a Garden to Pacuvius his House.

Enter Pacuvius, and Three Romans.

Pac. You saw how Hannibal receiv'd his Answer.  
 1st Rom. Be sure it stung his Pride to be so slighted.

2d Rom. Blacius methinks from Mngius Death.

Might

Might better have been warn'd,  
Than to insult his Conqueror. (gins?)

*3d Rom.* What hinders *Hannibal* to use him then like *Ma-*  
*Pac.* Why this, *Magius* was hot, a headstrong Foe;  
But *Hannibal* in *Blacius* hop'd a Friend,  
And therefore gave his Honour when he enter'd here  
To be himself his Guard——Now that's the Bar:  
But shall we think, that *Blacius* Death wrought by  
Some private means unknown to *Hannibal*  
(Whatever Face in Show he might put on)  
In his close Heart wou'd not to the last oblige him?

*1st Rom.* Impossible but so.

*2d Rom.* It must of course.

*Pac.* When Great Men frown upon a stubborn Foe——

*3d Rom.* They seldom count him such, that ends him.

*Pac.* Right——All Actions can't have publick Thanks,  
But this I know,  
That Minister, who lays up no Rewards  
For secret Service will have little done,  
Or in the Camp or State: Shall I be plain?  
I think you are my Friends, I'm sure I've cause  
To think you are, since at my suit the Cause  
Of *Rome* with me disdaining you've deserted;  
Which Thought alone consider'd, 'twere in me  
The worst Ingratitude, shou'd I neglect  
To push your friendly Fortunes with my own:  
What need I words? You've now th' Occasion in  
Your hands: One Blow compleats your Wishes;  
Shew your selves Men, and I'm in Honour bound  
To whisper your Deserts to *Hannibal*.

*3d Rom.* My Lord, you have propos'd us well; but each  
Man speak his own Opinion: For my self  
I ever thought in Actions desperate  
Long Pauses shew'd a cold Consent.

*Pac.* My Friends--you see--I'm plain--who likes the offer?

*1st Rom.* I.

*2d Rom.* And I.

*3d Rom.* Then all of us,

Pac. Pacuvius then's the Agent of your Fortunes,  
[Bowing to them all.]

You know the Platform, where his own House stands,  
There every silent shiny Night alone  
He moody walks, and chews his Discontent,  
The properest place, I think, to end his Cares;  
I need not say he's sure: For you are Three,  
The Fact once done, and you unknown escap'd.  
With secret pleasure Hannibal receives  
The News: Yet in his seeming Rage proclaims  
Rewards for them that bring th'Assassins forth,  
On which I smiling tell him in his Ear,  
That were these barb'rous honest Fellows known,  
The Troops now vacant need not want Commanders.

3d Rom. If I don't head one soon, it sha'n't be want  
Of Merit.

2d Rom. — Push, as far as any Man.

1st Rom. I long to meet this *Blacius*.

Pac. I long to bring you all Commissions.

3d Rom. Why do we loyter then?

Pac. 'Tis now about his Hour.

3d Rom. His last, my Lord — you'll hear of us.

[Ex. Romans.]

Pac. Here at my own House I shall expect you — so!  
Now *Blacius*, our Accounts are even.

Enter a Servant with a Light.

Ser. My Lord, a Roman now without presents  
You this, and begs your speediest Answer.

Pac. Give me the Taper — Ha! Perolla's Hand:  
(Reads) 'Forgive me, if my Heart confesses Grief,

' To find my safety doubtful at your Doors:  
' I've been too firm a Friend to *Rome*, t'expect  
' Protection from the Friend of *Hannibal*;  
' And yet, whate'er the Gods or You design,  
' I'm still *Pacuvius* most Obedient Son.

Perolla.

Give him this Signet with my Honour for  
His safe Return: The Virtue of this Boy  
Stirs me to think how far I'm his Inferior;

[Ex. Serv.

Yet

16 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Yet —— why Inferior —— say, I've chosen wrong,  
If I believe it right, I hold my Virtue still:  
'Tis not the Truth or Error of his Cause,  
But as a Man defends the Choice h'as made,  
That crowns his Fame, or brands him with Dishonour.  
If in the Cause of *Carthage* then I err,  
My Judgment, not my Virtue, is to blame.  
Here's one that comes, I guess, to question me;  
But I'm prepar'd — Approach, my Son, 'tis I,  
Thy Father, speaks; Thou'rt private here, and safe.

Enter Perolla.

Per. In Thanks thus bending, I receive your Love,  
The time has been when I durst meet you free  
In open Day, and unassur'd Protection:  
Why are these hateful Forms between us now?

Pac. Those Times are chang'd.

Per. And not *Pacuvius*?

Pac. No —— for I was always constant to the Cause  
Of Honour; therefore left the Cause of *Rome*.

Per. Therefore!  
Stupendious Paradox! Now chang'd indeed!

Pac. *Rome* basely did me wrong, and what I've done  
Was a Revenge my Conscience ow'd my Merit.  
The frosty Sieges, and the scorching Camps,  
Which I had felt in her ungrateful Cause,  
Deserv'd a better Treatment, than to see  
My mortal Foe preferr'd before me, *Blacius*!  
Why was not I *Salapias* Governour?

Per. In Posts of such Concern  
Sometimes the high Distempers of a State  
Necessitate a Wrong like what you think one;  
The Inclinations of Senate were,  
I dare affirm more fond of you, than *Blacius*;  
But at that time, as Physick to its Feavour,  
To Purge a Faction, which disturb'd the State,  
They were content the Clamours of a Party shou'd  
Extort Preferment for their Leader *Blacius*.

Pac. Mean Slaves!

Per.

## PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Per. — But since the fatal Curse With what Sincerity do you speak? This from the Son of Heaven?

Pac. Ha! ha! perdon me, but will you go with me? Alas! Perolla, thou mistak'st me. — No! No Matter, howe' er I am Contented with the world, I hate 'em more than death. — Yet 'tis a Transport to me to see them wretched. — I have disdain'd to Reason with them, and they have told And thou too now, that I am a man of base soul. I am the same, the continual Repentance of my sinnes / Whose fix'd Resentment of me, has made me abhorre Has made Revenge my chiefest study.

Per. If not for some great wrongs I have done, I could not Peruse the Terms. For I have done a Life and death of them. They're fit for your Execution. — But I'll be mor'e To my Discretion did the world let me loose. — And gladly offer, what your Honour Commands. Your Friend's Proposcs.

Pac. Nor yet for thy sake will I deign to read 'em: Canst thou too think thy Father would be merciful? As to suppose their Pleasure would be to give me back? What! Bow to Shanel, with humble Downcast Looks, Repent a Crime or which thy Friends should have And in the Voice of an impudent Beggar, live A branded, poor, and banish'd Roote. Tell 'em, I soon will be rid of them; And will with flaming blasphe my violence.

Per. Nay then I see, all hope to move you's vain, A satyric Passion sets your Reason up, And leaves you but the Engine of your selfe. Lost is the Father, and the Rome of the world. Farewel ye Pleasures of earth and Nature, Whose generous Effects my blam'd Youth Propos'd should give a new and viell Joy.

D.

To

## 18 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

To my declining Father's Age : Now I  
With dread shall draw my guilty Sword in War,  
Since every Drop it sheds of hostile Blood  
Must flow from an offended Father's Wounds !  
*Rome* too farewell ; thy Cause is des'rate now !  
*Pacuvius*, that supposed thee, is lost,  
Firm Leagu'd with *Hannibal* to lead thy Sons  
In Chains, and lay thy Towers in Ashes—  
—The Gods can tell—Perhaps it may be so,  
And your prevailing Arms succeed in time  
May bring the hoary Senate to your Feet  
Bound, and imploring Pardon of your Wrongs,  
Which you Triumphant possibly refuse :  
Suppose this done, and your best Hopes accomplish'd,  
Yet where's the Pleasure of this deaf Revenge ?  
To see the Partners of your happier Life  
In their Estates, their Wives, and their Posterity  
From a Caprice of your impatient Temper made  
Hereditary Slaves ? Can Human Sense  
Retain a Taste of Joy, that flows from such a Spring ?  
Is the loud World's Applause and Censure pris'd  
Alike ? Or has it more of Happiness.  
To live mistrusted 'mong her Curious Foes,  
(For your Revenge, and not your Interest serves 'em)  
Than in your Country's Cause be try'd a Friend,  
And end your Days in Native Honour ?  
O ! when to future Time our Story shall  
Be told, how will it stan the Faith of Men  
To think Perolla had a *Roman* Father ?

*Pac. Perolla ! O what woud I not endure*  
One Moment to enjoy thy honest Mind ?  
Thou'lt found (I know not how) the wakeful means  
To Rouze me to a Sense of my Condition ;  
I'll strive a while to Man my Virtue forth,  
And if I find thee act the like, if then  
Like me canst starve thy most Voracious Passion,  
To seek the joint Revenge of our insulted Honour,  
Tis possible, I yet may read the Terms of *Rome*.

Per.

Per. Give me a Proof, my Honour's touch'd with Wrong,  
My greatest Joys were taileless to Revenge.

Pac. There spoke th' inspir'd Soul of my Perolla,  
I'll tell thee then, 'tis not in much, I own,  
Revenge to him as to my mortal Foe,  
Curs'd Blaivis, that has made me leave her Cause:  
On-Him and His, the Drowth of my Revenge  
Is never to be stak'd, but in know'd Perdition:  
Now if in that thou nowe shouldest half my Son,  
To Rome and thee I'm whole a Friend and Father.  
To which how firm our Name is inclin'd,  
Judge by the Violence I do my Heart,  
When this to Blaivis from thy Hand, I pardon.

*[Give him the Letter to Blaivis.]*

Per. Thus let me bend in Thanks, and try to know  
(For that's the Rock from which you'll see my Virtue)  
Wherein my Honour's so concern'd, I aroid  
My Love; O tell me! For she Tho' she's a Rock.

Pac. (Aside) He swaggs to me, I tell him,  
Not then to mind thee of our late Hate.

Per. That's old, I know it Sir, but on —

Pac. To tell thee then,  
What I this Day from Blaivis have endur'd,  
When I presuming on my Son's Honour,  
Smil'd at the Fondness of his blood subdu'd;  
And urg'd how little he was fit of *Insolence*,  
Hadst thou beheld his impudent insulting Spleen  
That Letter to thy late Confusion he produc'd,  
With what malice he spake, and big Disdain,  
He warn'd his Daughters to scorn, & throw this Hate on her,  
That! that alone didst start thee into Madness:  
It stabs me up to think that I need Words  
T'inflame thee to be foremost in thy Pride,  
And from this glorious Hour to leave with scorne  
Th' abandon'd *Insolence*.

Per. Foremost would I always be in flatters of Honour;  
But have you proof, that Blaivis Dread commands  
Prevail'd upon his perjur'd Daughter's Faith?

20 PEROLL A and IZADORA.

Did she, did Izadora yield her Love,  
And join his Fury in pursued Revenge?

Pac. I cannot say I saw her, but be sure  
His Prayers or Vows against her threatened Life  
By this time must have mov'd her to abjure thee.

Per. If I believ'd, that Prayers or Threats, that Bribes  
Or Dangers, cou'd unlock the Treasure of her Faith,  
This Heart, disdainful of her worthless Charms,  
Shou'd turn her loose, the Mistress of Mankind.  
To sate the gross Desires of vulgar Love,  
But as she is, as now my grateful Heart does  
Supposes her, unshaken in her Truth,  
Tho' with her Father's fatal Rage pursued,  
Methinks I see him 'gainst her Life resolv'd!  
Now, now perhaps th' obdurate Blarney Hand  
Furious directs his liked Dagger's Point  
To her unchanging Heart, while she in Plaint  
And Tears succulpts begs for Mercy, then  
Looks up in Sights submissive to his Rage,  
Swells forth her benacious Bosom to the Stroke  
When to her Charms Distress—he drops the Poniard down.

Pac. Suppose, what but thy Fancy paints were true—

Per. Shall I for such Extremities endur'd  
Turn Recreatant Rebel, and desert her Love?  
Shall she, whose Temper like a Rock withstood  
The forceful Onset of the rend'ing Passion,  
Crown'd with the Merit of her Life serv'd,  
Yet when her Country's Cause required the Change,  
When at her Feet the grateful Virgin knee'd  
To implore her Pity on my Lov'd Despair,  
With what Confusion for her Heart with-hold,  
Broke she through all the Bars of ancient Hate,  
And at Petilia on my Sword's success  
Resign'd the vast Profusion of her Charms?  
Shall she in Bloom of Beauty too be left?  
Such matchless Virtues, and such Love forlorn?  
O! 'tis an Act so horrid to my sense,  
It starts my Reason into Fury at the Thought.

Pac.

Pac. No more, I know  
 Canst thou support me?—I have more now  
 Than I had then.—I am not strong,  
 Are thy will and power?—I am not strong,  
 Yet stronger than I was.—I am not strong,  
 Is my Alliance too weak?—I am not strong,  
 Thou'lt either let me go or let me stay.  
 What canst thou do?—I am not strong,  
 I too like thee, could not stand it long.  
 Shou'd scorns me, and I am not strong,  
 And in the heat of battle, I am not strong,  
 Be dumb!—ear-tight, I am not strong,  
 For spite of all thy force, I am not strong,  
 There's something in me, I am not strong,  
 That's pleased to let me go.—I am not strong,  
 To see the young bloods, I am not strong,  
 And tho' I now should let me go,  
 Yet Nature pleads, and I am not strong.

*The SCENE opens in a grove of trees, in a glade, and at some distance.*

1<sup>st</sup> Rom. Yonder comes the King, walking while his back  
 Is towards us.

3d Rom. ——————  
 At least dispart him, ——————  
 First hold him by the arm, ——————  
 Provoke him with a jest, ——————  
 In Heat of his passion, ——————

2d Rom. His humour is such, ——————  
 Confidence infuses him, ——————

1<sup>st</sup> Rom. ——————  
 Let's on before them. —————— [Exeunt.]

*Enter Perolla, and Sesto the Page.*

Stra. Must we away to-night, my Lord? ——————  
 Per. To Night, my Stra. ——————

My Business disappointed so requires:  
 Thou know it not where the House of Blacius stands.

Stra. Not I, my Lord; for tho' I serv'd her long,

My

My Lady Izadore never come  
Was then within Salerno Walks. But you  
My Lord, I thought had long resided here.

*Per.* When I was young, I am inform'd, I did,  
But since my Memory can witness, never  
Where do the Horles wait us?

*Stra.* Near half a Mile without the Town, my Lord.

*Per.* On then before, my Servt., and prepare 'em:  
I'll walk a Turn, and overtake thee. — [Exit Page.  
I know not why, but cannot leave this place;  
And tho' I spake not more than my Duty,  
Yet where my Love resides, my Heart will rove,  
Fain wou'd I stay, if possible to learn  
How Beauteous I am; Prayers succeed  
How far they'ree; — and my Name's on Blacins.  
Ha! What fiddling them on Swords! This way it comes!  
Either the Moon's pale Light deceives me too,  
Or I perceive in shameful odds Three Men  
With Points determin'd upon One Retreating!

[Enter Blacins, Retreating before the Three Romans.

Penilla arises, and Interposes.

How now! What means this Midnight Outrage! Hold!

*Biz.* Fortune, I thank thee, yet there's left an Hope.

*Per.* If you are Men that hold your Honour dear,  
For shame, lay by these mort Dismally Odds,  
And singly Hand to Hand decide your Difference.

*2d Rom.* Presumptions Slave, retire, lest on thy self  
Thou draw it a Fate design'd alone for him.

*Per.* Nay then his Cause is worlsey of my Sword,  
Take Courage, Sir, your stronger than you were,  
They now have me to kill, before they reach you.

*Bla.* O generous Stranger! see how thy Fire has warm'd me.

[They fight.

*Per.* There, Sir: [Kills one] Now Slaves we are of equal force.

*2d Rom.* No, Sir, your Courage we have prov'd, and now  
Tis time to try your speed. [They run off.

*Per.*

Per. Notorious Villain! — [Exit]

Bla. O Godlike Power! This Curse you well demands.  
More Thanks than the world can pay you, when I lay

Per. The Action of your Country's Justice. — [Exit]  
Believe you who will, but I do know

More trusted in their Country's Justice, than in mine? — [Exit]

Bla. The Gods are angry with me. — [Exit]

Per. 'Tis common for the Gods to be angry with us. — [Exit]

3d Rom. O! I have done a wrong, — [Exit]

Bla. Hail Wretched! — [Exit]

Per. One of these three must be the author of my wrongs. — [Exit]

Bla. 'Tis no man of them, — [Exit]

From him, whose Country's Justice is most strict, — [Exit]

Who set these on me? — [Exit]

3d Rom. With me? — [Exit]

Pacuvius wrought me to this. — [Exit]

Bla. Pacuvius! — [Exit]

Per. My Father! But I have done a wrong! — [Exit]

3d Rom. As I am your Father, — [Exit]

If this Confession can be true, — [Exit]

(For all Relish now late) — [Exit]

Per. Ha! Blasphemer! — [Exit]

O my transported Heart! — [Exit]

My dearest Blood, if she be true, — [Exit]

Have sav'd the Father from his Son. — [Exit]

Ha! What means this? — [Exit]

Bla. How is it, Sir? — [Exit]

Per. I doubt I'm here too late. — [Exit] (pale.)

Bla. Now all goes well. — [Exit]

To Be pleas'd a while to make a Survey of my own; — [Exit]

There Surgeons shall be call'd to cure his self. — [Exit]

Per. In my Condition, Sir, — [Exit]

To be refus'd. — [Exit]

Bla. — — Recline upon my Arms. — [Exit]

Per. I thank you, Sir. — This Care o'er-pays my Service.

The Hope's too great; my Pulse heart lie still; — [Exit]

If Izadora's there, the Weeps I feel. — [Exit]

The deeper, yet her beauteous Eyes wou'd heal. — [Exit]

Enter

# PACUVIUS IULIUS ADORAT.

Enter Pacuvius alone, with a close Light.

Pac. The Noise of Clashing Swords is hush'd; and now  
The fat'ry Blasius's perfume at once will clear the world  
What's that?—By my horse, I know no joye but weel.

[Treading on the dead Roman.]

Supine and Spectrelike, as a silent Dog in Heaven,  
My Blades, I see, have well perform'd their Work;  
How now, Friend Decius? [He] death ent'ring so low!  
Cou'd not thy Chloride Breath one Moment more  
Have lagg'd to let me feed me gormet! But now  
On the 1<sup>st</sup> Ground am I too Expireing here.  
This all the guilt of me is, to be the cause  
To see the Senate, and the Commonwealth, and world  
To haue thee know my Transport at thy Death.  
But I must see, and then I'll leave the world  
On thy distorted Face, and then I'll die.  
Thou dy'dst in Ovid's Country, and I sinne,

[Dropping the Light, and looking on his Face.]

Distracted! Tortur'd! Wretched! What art thou? I see'd not he  
not Blasius! but the Curse of Heaven of all others! And I  
the Slave that shouldest haue serv'd him. Sure no Wretch  
Was ever torn by Fortune like Pacuvius! As if the Gods had wou'd me vain Revenge against you.  
As if the Gods had wou'd me vain Revenge against you.  
To this excessive Violence should swell his bold Alonso's wile  
To be it self its greater Punishment.

[Enter Decius.]

Be hush'd my Thoughts, some one approaches.

Dec. This must be for the Senate.

'Tis near the appointed Hour— yet who's no name?  
He said himself would privately walk forth in his way  
And here expect an Answer from the Consul! Ha! I think  
I think I see him! Hark! Lord, Blasius!

Pac. Who's there?

Dec. 'Tis I, Decius.

Pac. Ha!

Dec. This from the Consul: All goes well. [Gives him a  
Be punctual, and the Consul will thank you. (Letter.)

Pac. Stay, Sir.

Dec.

*Dec.* It may be dangerous, my Lord, and needs not  
You'll find it asks for no Reply: Farewell. [Ex. Decius.]

*Pac.* 'Tis certain he intended this for *Blacius*,  
And by his Fear to stay some close Design,  
Some secret Practice for the Cause of *Rome*,  
(Wherein perhaps curs'd *Blacius* is concern'd)  
Lies lurking in this Scroll — my Soul's impatient.

[He reads by his Light.]

' To Morrow, near the Midnight Hour,  
• Three lighted Torches from the Cittadel  
• Let be the Sign, that then the *Brutian* Gate  
• Is open to our Force's Entrance:  
• *Pacuvius*, for *Perolla*'s sake, we first  
• With friendly Offers by his Son have try'd  
• To call again into our Cause, who not  
• Complying shares the Fate of *Hannibal*,  
• Be careful of thy Health: Farewell. The Consul

*Fabius.*

This goes to *Hannibal*, whose Rage allarm'd,  
In durant Chains confines my Traytor Foe,  
Whose wisest Thought to free him from this Snare,  
Will work in vain: For well Experience proves,  
When Great Men Justice against Great Men crave,  
Their Step's but short from Prison to the Grave. [Exit.]

The End of the Second A C T.

---

### A C T the T H I R D.

The SCENE *Blacius* his House. *Blacius* and *Perolla*:  
Servants attending.

*Bla.* NOT that I've scapt my disappointed Foe,  
Transports me more, than that my kind Preserver's  
Appears without a Mark of Danger. (Wound  
And that my abler Gratitude may know  
To whom the future Service of my Life

## 26 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Is due, your Pardon, Sir, if I presume  
To ask the Name of my Deliverer.

Per. Not for the World's Dominion dare I own it: [Aside.  
The Service you've receiv'd (in being, Sir,  
So much, what Man for Man in Honour's bound  
To do) shou'd Hope no more return, than what's  
Already paid; therefore I beg I may  
Conceal my Name, lest I shou'd seem to put  
You on the Thought of farther Gratitude.

Bla. Your Title to command me, Sir, may thus  
Deprive me of the Means, tho' not the Will to thank you.  
Yet let me, tho' unknown, thus far intreat you,  
That till your urgent Business calls you hence,  
You'll please to make this humble Roof your own.  
Call forth my Daughter. [To his Servant.

Serv. My Lord, I hear her coming.

Per. Keep down my busy Heart; nor let thy Joy [Aside.  
Confest betray thee to thy Hope's undoing.

Enter Izadora.

Iza. My Father! Let the Gods for ever thus protect him!  
I have been told the Dangers you've escap'd,  
And my transported Heart can bear no bounds. [Embracing

Bla. 'Tis well my Daughter, and I thank thy Love, *his Knees*.  
But as thou still wou'dst have me think my Life  
To thee is dear, to the kind Author of  
Thy Joy assist me in my Thanks — to this  
Most generous Stranger pour thy Paises forth, [Per. bows  
Whose Life endanger'd has preserv'd thy Father. to Iza.

Iza. O all y<sup>r</sup> Indulgent Powers! Perolla! [Aside and over-

Bla. So only shall I judge of thy regard to me, joy'd.  
As to his timely Virtue thou art Just:

'Tis now our mutual Cause of grateful Honour,  
Therefore I charge thee by that sacred Thought,  
Tune all thy Sexes sweet harmonious Charms,  
Exert the thrilling softness of thy beauteous Eyes  
To sooth his Soul, lose no attempt to gain  
The honest Power of ev'n relieving Gratitude.

Per. What do the Gods intend me? [Aside, and pleas'd.

Iza.

# PEROLLA and IZADORA.

27

Iza. (to Bla.) Sure, Sir, in such a Cause, howe'er  
My Ignorance may err, you cannot doubt my Will:  
For judge me, O ye awful Powers! If ever Act,  
That Human Virtue yet might boast, cou'd more  
Oblige my Sense, or fill my Heart with half the Joy,  
As what this Generous Stranger has perform'd:  
Now, on my Soul, it was a Godlike Deed;  
And since by your Instruction, Sir, I speak,  
Forgive me, if my grateful Heart confesses,  
M' unwearied Tongue cou'd dwell for ever on its Praise.

Bla. Ha! [Pleas'd.]

Per. (to Iza.) Such Praises sung by such Inchanting Notes  
Might lift the Coward to aspiring Thoughts:  
Therefore take heed, thou bounteous, lovely Maid,  
Left what thy Virtue may intend me well,  
My vainer Hopes shou'd wrest to my Undoing.

Bla. By all my Joys he kindles to my Wishes! [Aside.]

Iza. O never can I reach thy due of Praise!  
Most Glorious Youth, thou Darling of the Gods!  
For after this so unforeseen a Chance,  
That led thee forth to so renown'd a Deed,  
How many Great and Glorious Actions more  
Must we conclude their Providential Care,  
For thy sole Virtue has reserv'd?

Bla. She too delighted in her Sex's Pride,  
Exerts her pointed Charms, and like  
Th'Ambitious Hero in his Arms success,  
Feels no Remorse, or Conscience in her Conquests. { Aside.

Iza. Such Actions make the tend'rest Gratitude—  
A Duty [To Perolla.]

Bla. Thou God of Love! God of Resistless Fires,  
Who oft in Female Hearts with Triumph seest  
Th'unlook'd-for Changes of thy wanton Power,  
Now to the Aged Votary lend thy Ear,  
O! to the Follies of her former Love  
Add yet one more, that may atone the Guilt!  
Grant her vile Passion for Perolla's Charms,  
The nobler Flame of this superiour Youth

28 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Surmounting may efface, and end my Fears;  
Let what her seeming Virtue wou'd destroy,  
Her more implor'd Inconstancy preserve,  
And on *Pacuvius* Blood exert my full Revenge. [Aside.]

Per. Now then's the Proof of this avow'd Compassion.  
The Gods at last in pity of my Love [To Iza. aside.]  
Have given thee now most Providential means  
Telude thy Father's Hate, and crown my Wishes;  
Thou seest he courts thee to engage my Passion,  
Let then what his Injustice wou'd refuse.  
*Perolla* be at once the Cause and just  
Excuse of thy Compliance, O! my Heart!  
If now thy Hopes are lost, not *Blacius* Hate,  
But *Izadora*'s Cruelty destroys thee.

Iza. Dismiss these vain and groundless Fears: For by  
The endless Obligations which I owe thee,  
No Bonds, no Bribes, or Threats of Power oppos'd,  
Shall shake my Firmness of protested Faith;  
Therefore methinks thy undiscourag'd Love,  
Which yet untir'd has trod the rocky Paths of Honour,  
Shou'd not at last Desponding change its way,  
Or use th' Inglorious Limbs of low Deceit  
To climb the Mountain Summit of its Joy:  
Since thy enduring Virtue has in me  
Subdued the Force of an inherent Scorn,  
Why shou'd the Plaints of our persisting Duty  
Despair of Pity from the Conquer'd *Blacius*?  
You sha'n't Reproach me with that grieving Look,  
Since what I mean's but to deserve *Perolla*.

Per. Thou art my Fate, and must dispose me.  
(To Bla.) I hope your Favour will excuse my Fault,  
If the Engagement of your Daughter's Charms  
Have made me, Sir, forget my self to you.

Bla. Your Actions, Sir, so far have bound me yours,  
There's no way left you to increase the Debt,  
But to inform me how some part I may repay.

Per. Not that I think my Service can deserve  
The friendly Freedom I wou'd beg to take,

Yet

Yet not to slight your Generosity,  
Vouchsafe me then your leave to know, how far  
This Fair One's Heart, or your Consider'd Thoughts,  
In promis'd Love or Marriage stand engag'd.

*Bla.* How far the Ripeing Holly of her Sex  
May secret have incin'd her Heart, were hard to tell,  
To say — But for my self, my Promises  
Are yet unmade, and were it possible  
Thy least inclining Thought had made thee Curious,  
By all the flatter'd Hopes of my Ambition,  
Most Generous Stranger, I am yet to know  
The Man my Wishes wou'd prefer to thee.

*Per.* Take heed nor flatter into hope a Wretch,  
Whose Heart wou'd burn in unoffending Fires.

*Bla.* To give thee then a Proof, I mean my Words,  
If as thy Deeds have spoke thee, thou canst prove  
Thee born of Noble Blood, this grateful Hand  
(Regardless of thy Fortune, tho' depriv'd)  
With Joy, shall yield thee up a Father's Right,  
To urge Obedience, or persuade her Love,  
To crown thy Wishes with deserv'd Possession.

*Per.* If then my Birth and Fortune both I prove  
Not, equal to the Noblest *Romans* Beast,  
Let, Sir, at once your Scorn destroy my Hopes,  
And spurn me as my Arrogance deserv'yes.

*Bla.* Thus then to what my Honour has propos'd,  
Thus Kneeling to th'attesting Gods I swear —

*Iza.* Oh ! Hold ! My too kind Father, yet forbear  
Your Oath —

*Bla.* — Too kind ! What mean thy riddling Tears ?

*Iza.* With Joy to give you now a Proof severe,  
How tenderly my trembling Heart prefers  
Your Quiet to its own : To let you see  
No Thought of Happiness can yet surmount  
The honest Passion of my Filial Love :  
Tho' now, what you with Oaths have offer'd to perform,  
Perform'd wou'd crown the utmost Wishes of my Soul,  
Yet let me rather starve my Hopes for ever,

Than

Than by a Wile of guilty Silence bind  
Your Cheated Honour to Reward my Love.

Bla. My startled Thoughts!

Iza. For know this Generous Stranger, whom the Gods  
(In kind addition to his Flames Desert)  
Had sure decreed shou'd save my Father's Life,  
Whom you, Unprejudic'd, so high have prais'd,  
Whose Glorious Actions have o'er-priz'd my Heart,  
Whom your Commands have press'd me to receive,  
(O! hear me with Compassion) is Perolla. [Kneeling.]

Bla. Ha!

Iza. The same Perolla, whom your anxious Fears  
So strict have warn'd me to avoid; yet he,  
Whose Love our Fate seems since to have resolv'd  
Should prove at last the Medicinal Balm  
To heal the Rancour of our Houses Hate.

Bla. Distraction! has my Error's Dotage too, [Walking  
Consenting sooth'd him in his fatal Love? Thoughtfully.

Per. My Lord, I find you are, as I foresaw you, stung  
To feel your Honour plung'd in such Extreams;  
But yet — if Modesty might speak —

Bla. Pacuvius Son! Remorseless Powers! Why was  
That hateful Hand reserv'd to give me Life,  
From which my Death had been the easier pain?  
Judge me your selves, in all that Life's whole Course,  
Cou'd ever yet Reproach confront me with  
An Act, that ought t' have dy'd my Cheeks with Shame.  
Why then this dire Distress upon my Soul,  
That to my Bosom I must either take  
The Man, whom to incessant Rage I hate,  
Or to the World's Inquiring Tongues expos'd,  
Must stain my Fame by foul Ingratitude? [Walks disorder'd.

Iza. (To Per.) Give him his Thoughts, and let his Passions  
His temper ne'er was long oppos'd to Pity. (cool

Bla. No! no! [Beating his Breast.]

I'm not so wretched as my Fancy makes me,  
The self-same Hand, that sav'd, unthank'd, this Life,  
Has robb'd a Father of his ripe Revenge!

Pacuvius

# PERELLA and IZADORA.

31

*Pacuvius* murtherous Hope's not only lost,  
But by his Son defeated ! He, whom his Heart's Pride  
So fondly loves, protecting me has prov'd  
His greatest Curse, and rakes his harrow'd Soul.  
Nay he, *Perolla* too has now himself undone,  
Had I been kill'd the Bar had been remov'd ;  
Then unoppes'd he had enjoy'd his Love,  
And o'er m'insulted Grave had danc'd his Joy :  
But he has sav'd his Foe to blast those Hopes,  
And dash his Passion with purf'd Despair.

*Per.* Despair's the surest slab to reach my Heart,  
Or if you think I may outlive that Wound,  
Since my dire Father's undefended Crimes  
So justly have provok'd your due Revenge,  
Let your keen Sword now wreak it on the Son,  
Behold my Breast unguarded to your Rage,  
To meet the Cure of my resistless Ruine.

*Bla.* Yet trust me not too far : For tho' thou fav'dst  
My hated Life, — Thou're still *Pacuvius* Son.

*Per.* I neither can deny, or dare defehd my Birth :  
But e're your Justice lifts her fatal Hand  
To cut this Gordian of Dissolveleſs Love,  
To the Chaste Memory of it's purer Flame,  
Be in your conscious Heart this Truth recorded  
That had the tender *Izadora*'s Soul  
Not priz'd your Mind's dear Peace beyond her own,  
This cruel Rage, that now destroys our Hopes,  
Had in dispenceleſs Oaths been bound to crown 'em.

*Bla.* O my Soul's Joy ! My pious *Izadora* ! [Embracing]

*Iza.* My Father still, and still belov'd as ever. *her.*

*Bla.* Which way shall my Indulgence thank thy Love's  
So dear Concern for my endanger'd Honour ?

*Iza.* O ! Ask not that dire Question of my Fears,  
Unless your conquer'd Passion cou'd, like mine  
Subdu'd, resolve to answer its Engagements.

*Bla.* O Bleeding Conflict of resist'd Nature ;  
O Godlike Youth ! [Throwing himself at *Perolla*'s Feet.]  
I bend me Blushing to the Earth, I sink,

*I burn,*

I burn with Red Confusion at my Shame,  
 For I confess thou not deserv'd my Hate ;  
 But there's a Bar in my fierce Nature's Pride,  
 An inborn Horror of *Pacuvius* Blood,  
 That will not be subdued in thy behalf :  
 Therefore by all my Wrongs to thy apparent Merit,  
 I now conjure thee rouse thy Generous Soul,  
 And turn thy fruitless Love of me and mine  
 Into the nobler Fire of blameless Scorn.

*Per.* Now, by my hopes in *Izadora's* Truth,  
 My Friendly Heart bleeds inward at your pain,  
 And melts in pity of your erring Passion. [Raising him.

*Bla.* O lend a Thought to my worn Age's Woe !  
 Weigh but the vast Extreams of my Distress,  
 And be thy self the Judge of my Misdoing :  
 Speak I conjure thee from thy conscious Heart,  
 Is't fit, that he, whose Father sought my Life,  
 The Son of him that has betray'd the Cause  
 Of *Rome*, and since has wrought my Brother's Death !  
 Shou'd from my Hand receive my Daughter's Heart,  
 And make by my enduring, such vile Crimes my own ?

*Iza.* Is't fit your wild Revenge shou'd Blind pursue  
 The Guiltless, and the Friend of *Rome* ?

*Bla.* Shall *Blacius* be allied to an Assassin's Son ?

*Iza.* That Son, whose Sword oppos'd his Father's Crime !

*Bla.* Mix with that Blood my Native Honour hates ?

*Iza.* The Generous Blood that stream'd in your defence !

*Per.* Yet bows submissive to your full Revenge !

*Bla.* O cruel Honour ! that my Arm's refus'd  
 The honest means to take it.  
 How now ! what means thy Breathless Haste ?

Enter a Servant.

*Serv.* My Lord, your Pardon for this bold Intrusion !  
 Passing just now by Lord *Pacuvius* Gate,  
 I saw the Guards of *Hannibal* come forth,  
 When strait an Officer o'ertook their speed,  
 And told 'em, They must make a Moment's Halt,  
 For that th' intended Search of *Blacius* House  
 Was now referr'd to Lord *Pacuvius* Care. *Bla.*

Bla. What can this mean? Art sure thou'rt not deceiv'd?

Ser. I'm sure, my Lord; and as they march'd along  
I heard one smiling to his Comrade say,  
*Pacuvius* were a Friend indeed, if to  
The Cause of *Carthage* he cou'd force his Son.  
More I had heard, but that I thought my haste  
Might better serve you by this timely notice.

Bla. I thank thy Care: But fast the Gates, to gain  
If possible a Moment 'fore their Entrance.  
But on your Lives resist 'em not—away. [Ex. Ser.

And now, Perolla, thou shalt see —

Per. That your Revenge has found at last  
The fated Ruine of my Fortune, and  
My Love — This search I know is made for me.

Iza. O lost Perolla! O for pity yet  
My dearest Father —

Bla. Yes! yes! my Daughter now again I'm free,  
My painful Honour is at last reliev'd,  
He sav'd my Life, and I in double Thanks  
Return him his: For he defending mine,  
Found his Reward; but I now saving his,  
Foreknow that I may meet my Punishment.  
Fierce *Hannibal* be sure will full Resent  
The dar'd Concealment of his greatest Foe;  
But yet to let thee see my Honour scorns,  
Tho' on the Man I hate a base Revenge,  
This way lies thy Safety; what Horses or  
What Servants for thy Flight are requisite,  
Freely command, and thank me in thy speed.

Iza. Must he then go despairing of your Friendship?

Bla. Ungrateful Girl! Does not thy Lover's Life  
Reward thee well for my prevented Oath?  
Nay, if thou'rt fond to meet thy Ruine, stay, [To Perolla.  
A Life for Life is all thou canst implore,  
But never think of Izadora more.

Per. Recall that Thought, or Life's not worth receiving,  
If Death's my Doom, here wou'd I choose to meet it. [Kneel-

Iza. O yet Perolla save thy latest Hopes, ing to Iza.  
By all th' Endearments of our Friendship past,

I do conjure thee fly, and ease my Fears,  
My Obligations yet are unreturn'd,  
And I must have thee live for Rome,  
And Izadora's Peace, Use not a Wish  
In a Reply: But haste, while yet the Gods can save thee.

Per. Who wou'd not trembling fear his Death,  
When Beauteous Izadora wou'd preserve him?  
Supported in that Thought, I fly: my Fate, And I  
To save my hopes of conquering Blacius Hate. [Ex. Per.]

Bla. You Izadora now retire, I wou'd alone  
Alone receive Pacuvius. —

Iza. The Gods Defend my Father, and the Friends of Rome. [Ex. Iza.]

Bla. At length my anxious Honour is reliev'd,  
The Combat now with Justice is determin'd, And o'er Pacuvius Blood I'm still Victorious—soft! He comes in Smiles to meet his Disappointment.

Enter Pacuvius.

Pac. So Blacius! Thou seest at last I've deign'd to visit thee.

Bla. My Pride too is in part abated: For I own thou never cou'dst to me arrive More welcome.

Pac. — If thy Life's so burthensome, Perhaps from ancient Friendship I may yet Think fit to make thee bear it longer.

Bla. When Hannibal shall know (as I be sure Will soon inform him) that thy Fears In private Spite have dar'd t' assassin those, Whom he's firm bound in Honour to protect, Thy feeble Power of Life or Death from him Deriv'd, thy weakest Foes secure may laugh at.

Pac. Be not so joy'd to think thou'st scap'd my Hand.

Bla. There must be Joy, where there's such sweet Revenge; For know yet more to gall thy fester'd Soul, Thy own lov'd Son Perolla was the Man, Whose friendly Sword preserv'd thy mortal Foe, And laid thy bleeding Malice at my Feet. (past.)

Pac. This News is stale—and the sharp Pang it gave me's

He

He knew thee not, and therefore I forgive him :  
 But thou, I hear, as ignorant of him,  
 To thy own Mansion brought'st him bleeding home ;  
 And wer't in that, 'tis more than probable,  
 Thy self the Pandar to thy Daughter's Flame.

*Bla.* 'Tis false.  
 For when I knew his hateful Name, he found  
 That Scorn reviv'd which to his Blood was due ;  
 But when I heard his Services to me  
 Had stirr'd thy Fury to pursue his Life. A  
 I wav'd a while my prudent Hate to him,  
 And let him scape to disappoint *Pacuvius*.

*Pac.* Poor shallow-sighted Man ! *Pacuvius* thanks thy Care,  
 For I wou'd have him live when thou art dead,  
 (Which soon will be) to keep thy restless Ghost  
 In wakeful Terrors of thy Daughter's Honour :  
 Mean while (for thy slow Brain, I see, divines  
 Not yet the Cause that brought me hither) Guards,  
 Appear. 'Twas not *Perolla*, but thy self. [Enter Guards.  
 I came to seize, and as a Traitor to the Trust  
 Of *Hannibal* demand thee forth to Justice.

*Bla.* Traitor's a Name that better fits  
*Pacuvius* Morals : *Blacius* scorns thy Slander.

*Pac.* I know thou'rt proud ; but we shall prove thee Tra-  
 This Letter from *Rome*'s Consul shou'd have come tor!  
 To thee ; 'tis better as it is : And now  
 Whene'er his dreadful Army shall think fit  
 T' approach *Salapia* Walls, I say again  
 The Traitor *Blacius* Head upon the *Brutian* Gate  
 Shall be the Signal of *Pacuvius* Arm'd to face 'em.

*Bla.* O fatal Chance ! *Rome* then and *Blacius* are no more !  
 Tell my Daughter what has happen'd. [To his Servant.

*Pac.* Now ! Wretched *Blacius* ! Art thou yet convinc'd  
*Pacuvius* has redeem'd his lost Revenge,  
 And wrought at last thy more absurd Destruction ?

*Bla.* What Office doth thou hold of *Hannibal*?  
 For this to me seems so contemptible,  
 It speaks the Spirit of *Pacuvius* lost.

*Pac.* This Insolence I yet shall humble.

Bla. Thou! thou tirest me —— perform thy Office.

Pac. Since thou'rt in hast for Death —— Conduct him Guards.

Thus hopeless by the Hand of Justice seiz'd,  
The hardest Traytors will affect a Smile.

Bla. And Village Curs thus bay the Lion in the Toil.

*The End of the Third Act.* [Exeunt.]

## ACT the F O U R T H.

*The SCENE Continues.* Enter Portius meeting Izadora.

Port. **T**Hou hapless Daughter of my dearest Friend,  
Hard-fated Offspring of my Sister's Love,  
Forgive this rude Intrusion on thy Griefs,  
That begs to join thee in a Kindred Woe :  
In thee, methinks, dead *Martias* Looks revive,  
Such were thy Mother's Youthful Charms, that Bloom,  
The same distressful Lustre in her Eyes,  
In such Heart-wounding Grace of Woe she mov'd,  
When the victorious happier *Blacius* then  
From dear-bought Conquest home return'd, in Tears  
Ran through the Battel past, and clos'd it with  
The mournful Story of her Father's Death.

Iza. O fatal Omen ! Is then *Blacius* dead ?

Port. Not dead, but dying —— doom'd to dye !

Iza. Heart-breaking Thought !

Port. Fierce *Hannibal*, to make his Rage appear  
More the effect of Justice, than Revenge  
Against his Life in all the cruel Forms  
Of seeming Law proceeding has condemn'd him,  
Tho' the sole proof of his pretended Charge  
Was a late Letter from the Consul sent  
To *Blacius*, by *Pacuvius* intercepted :  
But where's the need of proof, when his vile Judges knew  
That Innocent or Guilty found of this,  
They for his Cordial Constancy to *Rome*  
Had pre-resolv'd his Death.

Ev'n now I heard his Bloody Sentence given,  
 Which e're the Morrow's Noon decrees him Dead,  
 And (which the Fell *Pacuvius* mov'd) his Head  
 Upon the *Brutian* Gate erected on a Spear to stand  
 In vengeful Terror to the Friends of *Rome*.

Iza. O Ruful Sound! O Deluge of  
 Redundant Woe! O *Blacius!* *Blacius!*  
 Where's now the pitying Hand that can Redeem thee?

Port. Can we not start a Thought to his relief?

Iza. Alas I fear 'tis now too late: But yet  
 (For I too well foresaw what since has fall'n).  
 Last Night, when first my moderated Tears  
 Wou'd give my ebbing Reason leave to flow,  
 By a near Friend, a Letter I dispatch'd  
 To brave *Perolla* in the *Roman* Camp,  
 In hope t' avert my wretched Father's Fate;  
 Tho' what it begs I fear's too late propos'd.

Port. But is there yet no Answer to these Hopes?

Iza. None yet's arriv'd, which makes me now despair.

Port. Have you inform'd my Brother of this Letter?

Iza. Alas! I durst not yet, lest it  
 Shou'd more incense his disappointed Rage  
 Against my vain Assurance in *Perolla*.

Enter a Page to Izadora.

Pag. Madam, the Messenger, whom you last Night  
 Dispatch'd, is just return'd, and brings you This. [Gives a  
 Letter.

Iza. My trembling Fears! *Perolla's* Hand.

Port. Good News! Dear Fortune!

Iza. Quick let me Read, it can't be worse to know  
 Now *Portius*! For our Hope's Relief or Ruine!

(Reads) 'For *Blacius* as the Cordial Friend of *Rome*,

'I've gain'd, o'th' Consul your propos'd Relief.

O joyful Tidings!

'But as I knew him *Izadora's* Father,  
 'I thought my Friendship was but half perform'd.  
 'Till I had farther begg'd to be my self  
 'The sole Commission'd Envoy in his Cause...

Generous *Perolla*!

Port. A Friend indeed?

Ed.

Iza. ' This first Advice not long will reach you, e're  
 ' You'll hear Perolla is arriv'd to ask  
 ' Of Hannibal his Audience, and Dispatch.

Yes, cruel Father, now my Heart grows bold,  
 Now I wish Courage can reproach that Rage  
 That cou'd so ill repay thy wrong'd Preserver's Love.

Port. What in this Juncture can my Care perform

To help my Brother's Fortune? —

Iza. To Lord Pacuvius House, where Hannibal  
 Resides, instant repair to meet Perolla :  
 Your Entrance on th' Occasion will be free  
 To hear his Audience, and their whole Debate,  
 While I to my afflicted Father fly  
 To raise his sinking Spirits from despair.

Port. I'm gone, and hope t'oretake you soon  
 With his confirm'd Relief. — [Exit Portius.]

Iza. O Godlike Youth ! O truly great Perolla !  
 Who tho' my cruel Father's Hate to thee  
 Had render'd thy Neglect of him too just,  
 Yet in this second Service to forget that Wrong,  
 Has so Excus'd, my endless Gratitude to thee,  
 That what his Passion late miscall'd my Disobedience,  
 His Reason must at last confess my Virtue. — [Exit.]

*The SCENE Opening, Discovers Hannibal on a Chair of State  
 giving Audience to Perolla; Pacuvius, Portius, and Others  
 attending.*

Han. Renown'd Perolla ! 'Tis with Grief we see  
 Such early Virtue erring in its Sword :  
 Methinks th' Example of thy Father's Care,  
 Whose early Application to our Friendship  
 Has wisely sav'd his Fortunes from our Spoil,  
 Might better have instructed thee to act,  
 Than blindly thus to hold thee in a Cause,  
 Whom neither Gods befriend, nor Arms can save.

Per. My Lord, great Hannibal,  
 Admit what but your Hopes suppose were true,  
 Can Honour find my Virtue an excuse  
 To leave my Country for its sinking Cause ?

Which

Which most distress'd then most commands my Sword,  
 Han. When Pleading Nature, or when Filial Love,  
 Bespeak you to regard a Parent's Peace,  
 Th' Excuse were not so difficult to find.

Per. I wou'd be just to both, and hope I am;  
 I love my Country, I revere my Father;  
 And while I bleed for *Rome*, — I weep for him.

Han. Yet draw your Sword, resolv'd against his Cause.

Per. I cannot leave my Country, if I wou'd,  
 'Tis to forsake my self, or to suppose me born  
 But for my self, and not in general Good  
 Of my defended Fellow-Creatures Lives:  
 Creatures Irrational, the Birds, the Beasts,  
 For common safety flock and herd together;  
 Wou'd it not start ev'n Nature to behold  
 The homebred Dove forsake her fruitful Nest,  
 And fetch the Vulture to destroy her Young?  
 The Horned Ram t'ore leap the Ev'ning Fold,  
 And call the Wolf to prey upon his Kind?  
 Such seems to me the startling Horror of  
 Forsaking *Rome*: I know not if I err:  
 My Father sent me early to the War,  
 Perhaps but half instructed in the World:  
 For if for Interest, for Fear, or Love,  
 A Man, unsham'd, may leave his Country's Cause,  
 'Tis, I confess, a depth in Politicks,  
 His eager Fondness never taught my Youth.

Han. Now then be better to thy Good inform'd,  
 Our Friendship to thy Father's Merit has  
 Inclin'd our Mercy to preserve his Son:  
 Thy Terms, *Perolla*, shall be Honourable,  
 Rewards far Nobler than thy Sword can gain,  
 If thou'l in time embrace our Cause, and not  
 By vain Resistance make thy Ruine sure.

Per. That's yet to know, or say 'twere known, so much  
 I prize the Warlike *Hannibal's* Esteem,  
 I'll not derive it from another but my self,  
 Not my great Birth, but Virtue shall deserve it:  
 For *Rome* successless, as she seems, shall find

Sh's then a faster Friend of firm *Perolla*.  
 In all our Camp there's not a *Roman Heart*,  
 But thinks his single Sword a better Guard  
 Than the best proffer'd Mercy of our Foes :  
 But that my Vanity no longer may  
 Seem pleas'd to see you court my Sword in vain,  
 To all your Greatness has or can propose,  
 This is the final Answer I shall make :  
 That Death's not half so terrible to me,  
 As Life in Friendship with the Foes of *Rome*.

*Han.* Since to our proffer'd Mercy thou'rt so deaf,  
 I've said ; and leave thee to thy Fate deserv'd.

*Pac.* (*Aside*) O ! that Revenge without a Pang wou'd let  
 Me love the stubborn Virtue of this Boy !

*Han.* Nor Hope, when soon thy Ruine falls, that then  
 Thy Birth or thy Submission shall arrest [Turning short  
 The vengeful Fury of our Sword defy'd. to *Perolla*.  
 Proceed we now to the Affairs in hand,  
 Discharge thee strait, we are prepar'd to hear  
 What in the Consul's Name thou woud'st demand. [*Takes his*

*Per.* Thus then *Chair*,

From *Fabius*, Consul of the *Roman Arms*,  
 To *Hannibal* his Martial Foe renown'd,  
 Have I in fair Commission to propose :  
 The Consul late inform'd, that *Blacius* Life  
 On some pretence stands forfeit to those Laws,  
 Which thy new started Arbitrary Force,  
 Upon the Enslav'd *Salapians* has impos'd,  
 Yet waves the Wrong, or Justice of his Cause,  
 Presuming that thy Will condemns his Life,  
 And from his grateful Sense of *Blacius* Virtues,  
 Knowing his Faith to *Rome* has stirr'd thy Rage,  
 To bribe thy Fury from the Brave in Chains,  
 He yields thee offer'd for his Life preserv'd,  
 Thrice fifty *Libian* Captives free restor'd,  
 Which by the Morrow's dawn shall joyn thy Force,  
 From their disgraceful, swordless Bonds redeem'd,  
 New Arm'd for Battel to retrieve their Honour :  
 This, if approv'd, shall now be ratify'd ;

If

If not, I'm farther bid to tell thee then,  
 Such Mercy, as thou shew'st to *Blacius* Life,  
 Will he thy Brother *Asdrubal* with all  
 That now are Captive to his Arms afford;  
 Who when this wrong'd *Patrician* bleeds, shall fall  
 With him reveng'd, a mutual Sacrifice.

*Han.* Tell the warm Consul, *Hannibal* presumes,  
 That when his Rashness sent so bold a Message,  
 He thought not sure of *Canna*'s fatal Field,  
 Forgot the measur'd Rings from the dead Hands : or  
 Of *Roman* Knights despoil'd sent thence to *Carthage*,  
 Or had he ponder'd our Victorious Arms  
 Near Fam'd *Trebia* Flood, or *Thrasimene*,  
 At late *Ticinum*, or *Salapia*, now  
 He'd known that *Hannibal* might smile when threatened.  
 We'll give the *Romans* proof, that we our Laws  
 Due Course and Execution more regard  
 Than all the Threats of their presumptuous Arms:  
 Nor if we fear'd cou'd we those Lives deplore,  
 Who being Captives will deserve their Fate:  
 For *Blacius* Death, it stands irrevocable,  
 Nor shou'd the Fate of *Hannibal* prevent it.  
 My Lord, *Pacuvius*, give our Orders strait  
 To erect a Scaffold in th'Allarum place,  
 On which, before the Morning Sun declines,  
 The Traitor *Blacius*, as condemn'd, shall bleed:  
 For thee, *Perolla*, four Hours are thy Time allow'd  
 For thy Departure to the *Roman* Camp;  
 And those expiring, thy Protection ends,  
 Found in *Salapia* then we treat thee as  
 The Foe of *Carthage*, and the Spy of *Rome*.  
 Thus tell the flatter'd Consul we resolve;  
 And so farewell — [Exit *Hannibal* and his Officers.

*Per.* I've yet a Life which can't be better lost,  
 Than in the Cause of *Rome* and *Izadora*.  
 — It shall be so — and *Hannibal* may yet  
 Repent those Hours allow'd me for my stay. [Aside.  
 My Friends, before we leave *Salapia*, I [To his Fol-  
 Shall want your ablest Counsel, and your Courage. [lowers.

Pacuvius Returns.

Pac. I know not why—but cannot part, methinks, Till, as I ought, I've shewn this wilful Boy My glad Resentment of his Hope's Defeat.

Per. But soft—my Father!

Pac. Now violent Perolla, art thou yet Convinc'd, the Gods assert Pacuvius Cause? Blacius, my hateful Foe, thou seest at last Not all thy disobedient Friendship cou'd Preserve: His Life now bleeds within the Law, And with the Morn expiring, gluts my full Revenge.

Per. The Gods, that gave me Sense of Right or Wrong, Gave me my Virtue to abide my Choice; And Virtue tells me, They alone shou'd fear, Who know the wilful Errors of their Hearts; But there's a Native Courage in the Life Of Innocence, that never knows Despair.

Pac. Know then, at once to crush thy Hopes for ever, This Moment I from Hannibal receiv'd Repeated Orders for curs'd Blacius Death, For which my self am going now to bar Him close, and bid his ebbing Hours prepare.

Per. And can you think, while he's of Roman Blood, But it must fill his Heart with Pride, and Joy To hear you bring the News, that tells him of His own full Glory, and his Foes Dishonour!

Pac. Honour from thee! Thou Son of Blacius! [In Passion.

Per. Of lost Pacuvius, and deserted Rome! [Tenderly.

Pac. Remember Izadora!

Per. Carthage!

Pac. Izadora!

Per. Rome! Dishonour!

Pac. Love!

Per. Forsaken Rome!

Pac. Revenge! Revenge! [Exeunt severally.

Blacius in Prison, and Izadora.

Bla. Why wilt thou still on this ungrateful Theme Pursue my latest Hours with new Disquiet?

Iza. Is it such Pain to lose your Hate for one That

That has to such Extreams deserv'd your Love?  
O! Hard Severity!

Is what your own Instructions have advanc'd  
In my Observance urg'd to my Reproach?  
That I'm a little Grateful, where so far oblig'd?  
Oft have you said, 'Twas Honour rul'd your Hate,  
Still be that sacred Principle obey'd,  
And Honour now as full demands your Love,  
Such Obligations, and such Friendship prov'd,  
'Tis now impossible your Hate can flight  
Without that Stain, which most I know you loath,  
The hateful Stain of scorn'd Ingratitude.

*Bla.* Fond Thoughtless Girl! Have I  
Not giv'n him, for my Life preserv'd, his Life?  
And for this second Service, which thou boast'st  
What is it more than Honour binds him to?  
Am I not Fetter'd in the Cause of *Rome*?  
Which he (in Care of me) but justly serves,  
His Country serv'd is Service to himself.  
Had he Not come my Advocate for Life,  
The Generous Consul still some other wou'd  
Have sent more welcome to my grateful Thoughts:  
Now, on my Soul, I rather think in him,  
To ask the Office seems the close Result  
Of Brooding Malice, and Insulting Pride,  
He knew my Temper was not to be mov'd  
By ought his Soul was capable to act,  
And therefore thought this Glare of Friendship wou'd,  
If slighted, sink me in the World's Esteem,  
And so revenge him on my honest Scorn:  
But he shall find, ev'n in these humble Chains,  
My Mind's yet free, nor bends to tame Dishonour:  
While I have Sense, I still with Pride shall shew  
My Hate to curs'd *Pacuvius* Blood, which never shall  
But with my last Breath'd Life expire.

*Enter Pacuvius, with the Proofs.*

*Pac.* Why then, before the Morrow's friendly Noon,  
Expiring *Blacinius* is no more my Foe!

*Iza.* Some Guardian God protect my Father!

Pac. I come to take of thee my last Triumphant Leave:  
 Thy Hope in vain, Perolla's Friendship's lost,  
 This Moment Hannibal has warn'd him hence  
 With fruitless Labour for thy Life's Reprieve,  
 And to compleat thy Woes, Pacuvius comes  
 With prosperous Power to warn thee to thy Fate.

Iza. Support me Heav'n!

Bla. —— Why then, Farewel, Pacuvius !  
 Nor cou'd my Fate more please my parting Soul,  
 Than to conceive how dear thy Hate to me  
 Has cost thee in thy Fame : Thy Honour lost,  
 Thy Native Country's Weal betray'd, have made  
 Thy Vengeance mine, in thee abhor'd to Ages ;  
 My Triumph's Purchas'd with Inferior Blame,  
 I've held my Hate, and yet preserv'd my Fame. [Ex. Bla. with

Iza. O ! Whither is my wretched Father born? *the Prov.*  
 If to devouring Death, support me to  
 His Aged Arms, to bathe his Bosom with  
 My latest Tears, and with his Hopes expire.

Pac. You cannot pass——let me survey thee full——  
 Art thou the flatter'd Beauty, that presumes  
 With subtle Arts t'enslave the stubborn Son  
 Of wrong'd Pacuvius, and debase his Blood ?

Iza. Not so : Tho' I'm that wretched Maid forlorn,  
 Whose long obedient Hate to you and yours,  
 The forceful Virtues of Perolla have  
 Dissolv'd : I cou'd not with relentless Eyes  
 Behold his Passion, and his Faith to Rome ;  
 Tho' less the Lover than the Hero mov'd me.  
 O ! had our jarring Parents feud not been  
 To the last Sense of Nature deaf : Their Hate  
 Like ours subdu'd had made lost Rome Victorious,  
 Their Children happy, and their Fames immortal.  
 But that remorseless Fury now has plung'd us all  
 In one Inevitable Ruine : *Blacins* dies,  
 The bleeding Heart of Izadora's broke :  
 Perolla, hopeless in the Cause of Rome,  
 Resign'd to Sorrow, drags a wretched Being,  
 And lost Pacuvius, if he's Human, must despair.

Pac. Despair's a Passion, that such Love-sick Minds  
 As thine in Disappointments only feel ;  
 Weak Souls, that from their Fears are Slaves to Virtue ;  
*Pacuvius* Heart is warm'd by Nobler Fire,  
 And owns no Passion but untam'd Revenge ;  
 Revenge insatiate to curs'd *Blacius* Blood ;  
 A Rage, that now demands thy Vows revok'd  
 From lost Perolla's vile deluded Love,  
 Give me this Instant back his Recreatant Heart, (ger.)  
 Or to thy own receive our Shame reveng'd. [Offering a Dag-

Iza. Strike home, and stamp me with Immortal Fame,  
 To die in proof of Vows preserv'd to him,  
 Of Faith unshaken to Perolla's Love,  
 Adds unexpected Glory to my Death :  
 Yet when this mortal Blow is given, your Arm  
 Must strike again to reach me in Perolla's Heart,  
 Ev'n after Death, I there shall haunt you still,  
 And in his pining Griefs insult your Peace.

Pac. I thank thee, Sorceress, for that hateful Thought,  
 Which fires me now to an improv'd Revenge.  
 I see thy Soul from young Perolla has  
 Been taught unmov'd to meet the Frowns of Death :  
 I'll therefore try if Smiles can stir thy Fears ;  
 My smooth Revenge now wears a softer Look,  
 And more t' exert my Hate has put on Love :  
 Receiv'd or slighted, by consent or force,  
 Enjoy'd alike, my End is serv'd : I know  
 That either spoils thee for Perolla's Taste ;  
 So take thy choice, on one I am determin'd.

Iza. You cannot mean so horrible a Thought !

Pac. And why so Horrible ? Thou hast confess'd  
 The Son belov'd, why not as well the Father ?  
 Perolla's but the Stream that flows from me,  
 And I the Fountain's Head of thy Desire.

Iza. If you've a Human Soul —

Pac. None of thy Sex's little Arts to me,  
 I fathom all your shallow Wiles, and know  
 You'll use Resistance to be more desir'd.  
 But such Attempts on me are vain : Thy Beauty

Adds.

Adds not one Spark to my inflam'd Desire,  
I'll taste thy Sweets, and yet despise 'em too :  
For hadst thou all thy Sex's Charms, yet know  
My Rapture's not from Love, but sweet Revenge wou'd flow.

*Provost, (Within) What ho! my Lord! Pacuvius! help!*

*Enter Provost Bleeding.*

*Pac.* Audacious Slave ! Is this a time t'intrude ?  
Begone, or —

*Prov.* —— O ! my Lord ! we're lost ! undone !  
Some *Africans* Disguis'd have feiz'd the Prison ;  
Forc'd ope' the Dungeon, where doom'd *Blacius* lay,  
His Fetters loos'd, and arm'd him to escape ;  
My self disputing to resign the Keys,  
Receiv'd this ghastly Wound, and fled to warn you.

*Pac.* Confusion ! O my lost Revenge !

*Iza.* O double Joy ! O my transported Hopes !

*Pac.* Say Slave, are none allarm'd t'oppose 'em ?  
*Prov.* None but our menial Servants were at hand :  
For they, before they enter'd, had secur'd  
The Centinels ; the rest surpriz'd,  
They, desperate, drive before 'em.

*Pac.* ————— Ha ! They're here ?

*Enter Perolla, and others in African Habits mask'd, driving several before them.* *Pacuvius draws, and presents his Point to Blacius.*

Hold Traytor ! yet there is a Sword to reach thee.

*Bla.* Fortune, I thank thee now ! Thou giv'st at least  
A Chance for my Revenge. [While they fight, *Iza.* kneels.]

*Iza.* Immortal Jove ! to thee I bend for Aid,  
Be now the Stayer once again, again  
The dire Avenger of the Roman Cause —  
My Prayers are heard, and *Blacius* has prevail'd.

[*Blacius closes with Pacuvius, and gets him down.*

*Bla.* Now Traytor ! Have the Gods o'erta'en thee ?

*Blacius offers to stab him, and Perolla returning, interposes.*

*Per.* Hold ! hold ! Disarm but Hurt him not : Your Life  
Preserv'd is all we sought, and that's secure.

*Bla.* You, Sir, have Title to command me.

*Per.*

*Per.* My Friends, this Lady too must be our Care,  
 'Tis now no time to talk: Bar fast the Doors  
 On those that are within, that none may scape  
 T'alarm the Guards — Come, Sir, here lies our Way.

*Bla.* Such Actions are above the reach of Thanks.

*Iza.* The Bounteous Gods reward 'em. [Exeunt all but Pac.

*Pac.* The horrid Furies from Remorseless Hell.  
 Revenge it on the curs'd Conspirer's Head!

Why do I bear this Burthen of a Life,  
 That weighs me down with Disappointments?  
 No Means! No Thought! that can redeem my Hopes!  
 Dull Brain! not to pursue 'em all this while;  
 They cannot far be fled, I yet may forth [Goes to the Door.  
 T'alarm the Streets, and overtake their Flight! [Finds it  
 Confusion! Bolted! Barr'd again to my Despair! barr'd.  
 My Foe set free, and I his Prisoner! Help ho!  
 Without there! Treason! Murther! No one hear!  
 If I mistake not, yon dark Avenue leads  
 Me to an open Court — Call there aloud!  
 This is no time for Thought but Execution. [Ex. Pac.

*The SCENE Changes to Portius his House.* Enter Portius,  
*Perolla still Disguis'd, Blacius and Izadora.*

*Port.* My Brother from his Chains redeem'd: By what  
 Strange Turn of Fate is our Despair reliev'd?

*Bla.* O Portius! Here! see here's the Arm that sav'd me.

*Port.* Such Obligations, and conceal'd, create my Wonder.

*Per.* Here, Sir, my Service ends — you now are free:  
 But for the farther Means of your Escape,  
 I must commend it to Lord Portius Care,  
 You'll pardon, Sir, my haste to leave you here,  
 Since my own Safety and my Friend's require  
 Our speedy Flight, and change of our Disguises.

*Bla.* Hold, Sir! the Pleasure of my Freedom's lost,  
 Not knowing whom to thank for my Deliverance.

*Per.* Not to disturb that Pleasure, I must still  
 Conceal my Name: But if you will suppose  
 Your Freedom worth a grateful Thought: Then these will  
 'Tis due to To Izadora's Filial Love,

word 1

Whose

Whose Piety alone engag'd me to attempt it.  
And my Reward is paid in Thanks from her.

Your Pardon, and your Leave——

[Ex. Perolla.]

Bla. So Blunt a Virtue never have I seen !  
He own'd himself to thee reveal'd my Daughter,  
On thy Obedience I conjure thee speak ;  
Be just to his Desert, and let me know him ;  
Be just to me, and point me to be Grateful.

Iza. You heard my Father, he but ask'd my Thanks ;  
Leave then to me your Care of Gratitude :  
Remember once *Perolla* sav'd your Life ;  
But when discover'd, what was his Reward ?

Bla. His Action ought not to be nam'd, compar'd  
*Perolla*, but by chance preserv'd a Stranger ;  
But this design'd to save the Life of *Blacius*.

Iza. And whom cou'd *Izadora* most engage [Weeping.  
To save it ? —

Bla. — Ha ! my Daughter ! O ! I find thy Fears !  
Well might'st thou warn me from my curious Search,  
A Thousand Recollected Thoughts convince  
Me now, it must, it can be only he ;  
*Pacuvius* Life defended, speaks him Plain,  
Nay, spite of my Aversion, speaks him Great ;  
If it be so, if thou confirm'st it Him,  
If 'tis *Perolla*, then indeed the Soul  
Of vain Resisting *Blacius* is subdu'd,  
By his Victorious Virtues bound a Slave,  
And now must kneel to him in shame for Pardon. [Iza. *kneels*  
Alas ! thou need'st not speak ! thy flowing Eyes weeping.  
Too tenderly confess thy modest Joy !  
My *Izadora* ! O ! I cannot bear my Thoughts !  
I see thy Passion now so greatly Just,  
So justly Grateful to *Perolla*'s Love,  
I burn with Blushes, that I've stood so long  
Unmov'd against his Cordial Obligations ;  
Nay, I will flatter yet my pride of thee,  
And fancy thy Inspiring Virtues taught  
Him first to reach this Greatness of the Soul.

Iza. O ! my kind Father ! till he'd conquer'd you,  
I knew

I knew not that *Perolla* had so far  
 Engag'd my Heart: I only thought before  
 'Twas Gratitude: But now (if 'tis a Fault,  
 O yet forgive it! for) I own 'tis Love.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Fly! fly, my Lords, if possible, and save your Lives!  
 The Guards of *Hannibal* surround the House,  
 And he himself's this Moment upon Entrance.

*Port.* O horror to our Hopes!

*Iza.* Distressful Woe!

*Port.* No thought to save us?

*Bla.* None—For see our Fate approaches.

*Enter Hannibal, Pacuvius, and Guards. Provost.*

*Han.* So, Sir, you yet are in the reach of Justice.

*Bla.* Changes of Fortune are to me so frequent,  
 Now nothing gives me Fear or Wonder.

I know my Fate, and I expect it.

*Han.* And thou shalt meet it with the Rising Morn:  
 Let *Portius* too be seiz'd, whose dar'd attempt  
 To hide a *Traytor*, by the Law condemn'd,  
 Shall make him now the Partner of his Fate.

*Bla.* My Brother's Blood! that strikes indeed!

*Han.* The Maid is innocent, and therefore free,  
 For these conduct 'em to their Doom deserv'd. (*Guards.*)

*Iza.* O miserable Fortune! — [*Ex. Bla. Port. Iza. and*

*Han.* My Lord, *Pacuvius*, these vile *Traytors* Lives  
 Are scanty Vengeance for insulted Justice:  
 Our chiefest Foe i'th' open Face of our  
 Authority redeem'd, our Arms disgrac'd,  
 A *Traytor* on the Eve of Execution  
 In our Head Quarters freed by force from Justice,  
 More stirs my Rage, than all vile *Blacius* Crimes,  
 And we're obliged with double Vengeance to resent it.

*Pac.* What if your Orders on the instant shou'd  
 Proclaim to those, that shall discover strait  
 Th'Audacious Hands, that set this *Traytor* free,  
 Rewards unlimited, some tempting Bribes,  
 That Honour, Love, nor Friendship can resist.

## 50 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Han. Thou'st warm'd my Thoughts: Be it immediate done,  
And the Reward, whatever shall be ask'd  
Of Hannibal, within his power to grant.  
For Traytors in the strongest state conceal'd,  
Like unforeseen Distempers in the Blood,  
May bring the healthiest Body to the Grave;  
Therefore we never can too dearly buy  
The Knowledge of a secret Enemy.

[Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

---

## A C T the FIFTH.

Blacius, and Portius in Prison: Portius Sleeping.

Bla. THE Morning rises with its usual Ray,  
Nor shews the Gloomy Face of least Disorder:  
No Prodigies, no Fate-foretelling Stars;  
Nor Storms, nor Thunders wait on *Blacius* Death:  
In every thing the Course of Nature still  
Keeps duly on, concernless in its Road,  
And will do still the same, when I'm no more:  
Why shou'd I think it then a Pain to leave  
These common Objects, that regard not me?  
Behold! how Peacefully a constant Mind [Observing Port.  
Receives the solemn Summons of its Fate?  
And in the Body's Rest discards the Thought?  
To dye's no more: Our Sleep's a short-liv'd Death,  
Either is but the loss of Time unknown;  
And he that sleeps, till from the Grave awak'd,  
Feels not that Gap in his Eternity,  
T' exceed a Moment! —— Soft! he wakes!  
But Oh! to sleep again in Death for me!  
O *Portius*! if thy wandring Soul has dreamt  
Of Liberty, how mournful is this Waking?  
Port. Not so, my Brother, tho' I've dreamt, 'tis true,  
Nay dreamt, that our amazing Fortune had

Preserv'd

Preserv'd us both, and tho' my Reason waking  
Presents me not a distant Hope to save us,  
The lively Image still so fills my Mind,  
I can't yet leave it for a Thought of Sorrow.

*Bla.* O ! that I thus cou'd form a Hope for thee !  
But when I think that my Misfortunes have  
Involv'd thy Fate, that my dear Brother's Blood  
Must stream for his unhappy Faith to me ;  
'Tis more than all my Manhood can support !

*O Portius !* pity, and forgive my Fate.

*Port.* Art thou to Blame for what thy Fate has done ?  
*O Blacius !* I cou'd call thee now Unkind,  
To think my Death's not more a Pleasure than a Pain.  
Has not our Friendship yet from forward Youth  
To lagging Age ran through divided Pleasures ?  
And shall thy Heart not share me in Distress ?  
Shall I now coldly mourn, because I bleed,  
In proof but of a friendly Faith to thee ?  
Now, on my Soul, I know thy honest Heart  
With pleasure wou'd abide its Fate for *Portius* ;  
Can then a Friendship, so sincerely bound,  
Suppose a happier End, than dying thus together ? [Embrace.

*Enter the Provost, and Guards.*

*Pro.* My Lord, your Pardon for Unwelcome News :  
By Orders now from *Hannibal* receiv'd  
I am directed to remove you hence  
To your immediate Execution : But,  
Lord *Portius*, you have found his Mercy.

*Bla.* What said'st thou, ha !

*Pro.* —— Great *Hannibal* inform'd,  
On cooler Thoughts, that your unhappy Crime  
Was more an ancient Friend's Concern for *Blacius*,  
Than wilful Scorn of his insulted Power,  
Extends his Mercy to your Life's Reprieve.

*Bla.* Then welcome Death ! and since my Brother's free,  
I die without a murmuring Thought to Fate.

*Port.* O *Blacius !* can I taste such ill divided Mercy ?

*Pro.* Your mournful Daughter with successful Tears  
Implor'd his Mercy for a Father's Life,

But all her piteous Piety cou'd gain  
 Was his hard Leave before your Death to take  
 A parting Blessing, and her last Farewel.

*Port.* See where she comes, adorn'd in Sorrow.

*Enter Izadora.*

Death ne'r look'd Terrible till now.

*Bla.* These Tears, my *Izadora*, wound me more  
 Than all the Weapons of approaching Death :  
 But that I see it strikes so hard upon  
 Thy tender Heart, to me the Thought were nothing ;  
 Why shou'dst thou thus disturb thee at a stroke,  
 Which he that's now most happy's sure to feel ?  
 When first we're launch'd on this uncertain World,  
 Our earliest Knowledge tells us we must drown,  
 Nature assures us nothing in the Voyage,  
 But that she, soon or late, will call us strict  
 To our Account of this intrusted Venture :  
 The Time is come to make her due demand  
 On me and 'tis but fit that it were paid.

*Iza.* But then to enter on your Life strain'd  
 To seize it in a Bloody Execution ;  
 This is not Nature's Law, but Fortune's Tyranny ;  
 The Debt of Nature might be easier paid !  
 But now to die ! your Health, your Senses sound !  
 Your Strength yet fresh, and capable to run on  
 (No Violence us'd) with Vigour to the Goal ;  
 Howe'er your tender Love's Concern for me  
 With Manly Courage may disguise the Terror,  
 I know 'tis more than Nature can support !  
 This weaker Frame in spight of you must start,  
 And shudder at so sharp a Dissolution.

*Bla.* In vain I see weak Reason has prescrib'd  
 Us Virtue, as the Armour of our Hearts :  
 For Oh ! to part with thee, my *Izadora* !  
 To lose the Cordial Comforts of thy Youth,  
 Th' endearing Softness of that Filial Love,  
 Whose cheerful Smiles so oft have sooth'd my Age,  
 In spite of Resolution wounds me through ;  
 To leave thee thus ! to this vile World expos'd,

An helpless Orphan, destitute of Friends,  
Amidst the Hazards of outragious Fortune!  
O! where's that temper'd Heart of hardest Virtue,  
That can unshock'd withstand the bruising Blow?

Iza. Nay, now you double my Distress—But yet  
One parting Comfort's left to your support,  
And let th'Assurance sooth your dying Thoughts,  
That tho' you leave me to the World forlorn,  
The same unshaken Virtue, that has still  
Preserv'd me taintless in my Actions past,  
Shall, when the dear Protector of my Youth  
Is dead, support me to the last like *Blacius* Daughter.

Bla. O! let me pres thee to my Heart reviv'd,  
And thank thy Virtue for this ease in Death!  
*Portius*!—my Brother—and my Friend—Farewel—  
I see thy Heart is full—and will  
Not overcharge it with thy Griefs increas'd!  
—Only this Boon—my *Izadora*'s Youth—  
Let me bequeath to thy protecting Care—  
—My *Izadora*!—O! the killing Thought!—  
This last embrace—Thy dying Father's Blessing—  
—One Farewel Kiss—O! must we part for ever!

Pro. My Lord, the Time elapses.

Bla. But one short Word, and I have done.  
And now by all our faithful Friendship past,  
(Observe me well, for 'tis my last Request)  
Let me conjure thee, *Portius*, when the time  
Of decent Sorrow for a Father's Death,  
In mournful *Izadora*'s ceasing Tears,  
Shall be expir'd, to crown her Virgin Wishes,  
Give her, where most her Beauties are deserv'd,  
Where most her Heart inclines—to brave *Perolla*,  
And as you wish the Grave shou'd yield me Rest,  
Reward her Virtues with her Love possest. [Ex. severally.]

The SCENE Opening; Discovers a Scaffold for the Execution  
of *Blacius*, and at some distance a Seat rais'd for *Hannibal*.  
Guards and People crowding; *Pacuvius* speaking to an Officer.

Pac. Now Captain, let the Soldiers close their Ranks,

And

And on this side the Scaffold no one pafs,  
Till Hannibal himself shall take his stand:  
For he in Person is resolv'd to see  
The Execution of the Law perform'd,  
And by his awful Presence to prevent  
Th'audacious Thought of any second Tumult.  
And see his Guards approach us!  
(Within) Bear back, make way there!

Enter Hannibal attended.

Han. Good Morning to the Lord Pacuvius! What!  
Are all things ready? is the Prisoner come?

Pac. I sent just now your Orders to produce him.

Han. 'Tis well, and has our Edict been proclaim'd?

Pac. Already twice the publick Officer  
This Morn proclaim'd it in the *Forum*,  
And through the City several Copies are  
Dispers'd, in hopes to make it more effectual.

Han. (To the Crowd) My Friends, what you have heard pro-  
Prepar'd stand forth in Person to confirm: (claim'd we here  
Nay more! of these unlimited Conditions,  
To bind us firmer yet to the Performance,  
We solemn vow before th' Attesting Powers,  
By the full Glory of our Conquering Arms,  
And by our Father's dear departed Soul,  
Without reserve most faithfully to keep 'em.

People. Huzzah!

Han. But see the Prisoner comes to give our Laws their

Pac. And me my last Revenge.

Enter Blacius, Provost, and Guards.

Bla. What Ceremony's next?

Pro. No more, my Lord, but to ascend the Scaffold.

Bla. Conduct me.

Han. —— Hold!

Yet stay thee, Blacius, e're the lifted Sword  
Of final Justice falls upon thy Life,  
If ought thou know'st, that may arrest its Arm  
Now open to the publick Ear, declare it,  
That Men may say, thou either ow'st thy Life  
To our Impartial Honour, or thy Death

To

To what thy guilty Silence has confess'd  
*Bla.* Since what I undertook for injur'd *Rome*  
 Has fail'd my Hopes, Life now were scarce a Favour:  
 I am prepar'd to die, and therefore shall be short:  
 How far my Doom is just, is bootless to inquire;  
 No, prosperous *Hannibal*, I'll not complain  
 Of Wrongs receiv'd, where thy dire Will's a Law,  
 Yet if thou'dst have the World suppose my Death  
 Not whole is owing to thy deaf Revenge,  
 I have a late Request to ask thy Power,  
 Which cannot taint thy Honour to comply with.

*Han.* To let thee see we deal Compassion with  
 Our Justice, free demand.

*Bla.* Thus then, I have an only Child, whose Filial Love  
 Late brought her to *Satapia*, lost, to mourn  
 Her hapless Father's Chains, and sooth his Sorrows.  
 Now let me beg of thy indulgent Honour,  
 That since thy Mercy has been pleas'd  
 To leave her yet one only Friend in *Portius*,  
 That he, this Daughter, and some small Retinue,  
 When I am dead, may freely be allow'd  
 Your Convoy to the friendly Arms of *Rome*,  
 With the Remains of his impair'd Estate,  
 To end their Days in Inoffensive Quiet.

*Han.* Our Power wou'd wound it self to strike the Innocent;  
 The eldest Law of Greatness is Compassion  
 Thy mournful Daughter free shall be releas'd,  
 And not alone thy Brother *Portius* Fortune,  
 But (tho' the Law condemns the whole) yet half  
 Thy own we grant to her Distress restor'd:  
 Of which perform'd, our Honour be the Pledge.

[*Bla.* bows, and wipes his Eyes.]

*Pac.* How easily to Honest Fools  
 May Wise Men paint their Greatness? [Aside.]

*Han.* Now, is there ought that thou wou'dst farther say?

*Bla.* No more, but that this Favour was  
 Thy only way to draw the Tears of *Blacius*.

*Han.* But that our Honour binds us to be just,

Thou

Thou too shou'dst taste our Mercy : But the Trust of  
That *Carthage* has repos'd in *Hannibal*,  
Must, in delight of Nature, be discharg'd ;  
'Tis that alone, and not thy Foe, destroys thee ;  
By that compell'd we yield thee to the Law,  
Conduct him to his Fate. [Bla. mounts the Scaffold.

*Pac.* O well supported Virtue ! [Aside.]  
Now will the Rabble think this real !

*A Noise is heard among the Crowd, and at some Distance,*  
*Portius and Izadora.*

*People.* Make way ! make way for the Lady there !

*Guards.* Keep back ! keep back ! there's no one passes there.

*Iza.* O yet for pity, Soldiers, let me pass !

*Han.* How now ! What means that rude Disorder ?

*Pro.* My Lord, a Lady by Lord *Portius* brought,  
Distress'd she seems, intreats with earnest Mood,  
Before the Execution's done, she may be heard ;  
And comes to *Hannibal*, she says, for Justice.

*Han.* Admit her :

To Justice never has our Way been barr'd.

[*Han.* descends, *Iza.* runs to him, and kneels.

*Iza.* O *Hannibal* ! for ever Fam'd in Arms,  
But truly Great in thy regards of Honour,  
By Honour, I conjure thee now, be just,  
And yet defer doom'd *Blacius* Execution,  
Whom by the hopes of my Eternal Peace  
I've something to reveal, that will compel  
Thy Honour to preserve or sink thy Fame for ever.

*Han.* Beware, thee Woman, of thy flatter'd Hopes.  
The guilty *Blacius* Crimes too full are prov'd  
T'expect our Mercy from the highest Bribe  
Thy Tears can give, or ought thou canst reveal ;  
Therefore to spare thy Tongue, that fruitless pain,  
Our Guards remove her —

*Iza.* Hold ! Yet, cruel Warriour, hear me for thy Fame !  
I ask not Mercy, but thy Justice due ;  
But yet a Moment, and I'm dumb for ever !

If what I have to say is not of last  
Importance to preserve thy Oaths, thy Honour,  
If not by thy own Laws, proclaim'd my Right,  
Let loose thy fiercest Rage upon my Life;  
Give me the Tortures, lingring Pains, or worse,  
The dead denial of my Hope's Relief.  
Now, by that sacred Power that fills thy Soul, [Breaking from  
By the resistless Force of conquering Honour, *the Guards.*  
I must! I will be heard, or hold you ever!  
These Hands thus clinch'd no Force shall part, unless  
With cruel Swords you cut my Hold away.

*People.* Hear her! hear her!

*Han.* Forbear a while the Execution!

Yet think not, Woman, that thy Tears prevail;  
But Honour, thus alarm'd descends to hear thee:  
Mean while from *Hannibal* thou'rt as secure  
Of Justice, as doom'd *Blacius* of his Fate;  
Than which what dreadful Oracles foretell,  
Not more asur'd, thou may'st depend on:  
Say then from whence, and what is thy demand?

*Iza.* Behold me then, the wretched *Blacius* Daughter,  
Whose late Offences most unfortunate,  
So far it seems have stirr'd your fatal Rage,  
That nothing but his vital Blood can sate it.  
For when your Prison late was forc'd, and he  
To your Revenge's Disappointment freed,  
Your warm Resentment in its Heat proclaim'd,  
That whosoever truly shou'd reveal  
The first Contriver, Causer, or Accomplice,  
Audaciously concern'd in his Redemption,  
Shou'd strait receive whatever Gift,  
Reward, or Boon, their utmost Wish cou'd ask,  
Or you your self had lawful Power to grant.

*Han.* Ha!

*Iza.* And now, pursuant to this Law proclaim'd,  
(Which here I offer as the Witness of  
My Right) I come with an undoubting Joy  
To name this vile Offender of your Law,  
And from your Honour bound to claim my just Reward.

58 PEROLLA and IZADORIA

Han. Thou hast allarm'd me now indeed.

Pac. Confusion!

Iza. Which, that you may with less Reluctance grant,  
I will not only name, but instant yield  
The dire Offender now into your power,  
To slake the Thirst of your inflam'd Revenge.

Han. Nay then, without a Pang, our Doubts reliev'd  
Dare yet assure thee of thy full Reward,  
Which by those solemn Vows, the publick Ear  
Can witness, we have taken to confirm  
Again, we swear without reserve to pay.  
Now then, be thou as quick in thy performance,  
Produce th' Offender, and receive thy Wishes.

Iza. Behold then, here th' Offender stands!  
Your Prison forc'd was Izadora's Crime:  
And tho' my weaker Sex deny'd my Arm  
To execute so resolute a Deed,  
Yet my more daring Heart contriv'd the means  
By Prayers, and Letters to a Roman Youth,  
I wrought his Friendship to my Hopes distress'd,  
And with his generous Sword redeem'd my Father.  
Not but I pride me in the glorious Guilt,  
And stand prepar'd to meet my Punishment,  
Which, be it all your Fury can inflict,  
The dear Reward of my Discovery  
Will render light, as your Revenge on Blacius:  
For know, the Boon demanded of thy Justice—

Han. Hold!  
Beware, I charge thee, in thy rash demand;  
And tho' thou'st caught my Honour in this Snare,  
Think not when that's discharg'd, if thou insult'st  
My Power, my tame Revenge shall sleep to thee:  
For by the Fury of our Rage defy'd,  
That moment thou but nam'st thy Father's Life,  
That wretched Father shall himself, upon  
That Scaffold rais'd for him, behold thee bleed.

Pac. Well urg'd again! then yet there may be hopes! [Aside.]

Han. Now make at thy own Peril thy demand,  
I've warn'd thee well, yet stand prepar'd to grant.

Iza.

Iza. Then yet—whatever Death the All-just Gods  
Design for me—Give me the Life of *Blacius!*

People. Huzzah! Justice! Justice! Huzzah!

Han. Yes! yes! y'unthinking Herd! you shall have Justice,  
So too will *Hannibal*; your Holiday.

Not yet is lost: You shall have Blood to stare on,  
Tho' pleas'd to think your Favourite *Blacius* sav'd,  
Yet you shall see, since we forewarn'd her Fate,  
Before his Face this subtile Traytress bleed!

—Bind! bind her Hands—yet hold—for now perhaps  
Convinc'd, that we have firm resolv'd thy Death,  
The Terror may dissuade thy rash demand.

Iza. Weak *Hannibal*, who staggering thus thy self,  
Presum'st to measure by thy own Resolves  
The firmer Daring of a *Roman* Soul:  
Revenge be thine; Give me the Life of *Blacius*.

Han. Provoking Virtue! in a Female Soul!  
Where have I liv'd, that never yet conceiv'd the Charm?  
The Charm indeed! 'tis Witchcraft! Spells! Inchantment!  
I feel my Virtue struggling in the Snare,  
And must destroy her to preserve my self!  
Away! the Sorceress! Hence! dispatch her! Haste,  
And rid me of this Harry in my Blood!  
Quick, Slaves! while yet I have the Power to end her.

*As they lead Izadora to the Scaffold, Perolla breaks through  
the Guards to Hannibal.*

Per. Hold! hold, injurious *Hannibal*! nor let the Blood  
Of Innocence defame thy blind Revenge:  
Behold the Nobler Object of thy Rage,  
That makes it Justice, and instructs thy Fury,  
To bribe thy Mercy to that tender Maid!  
Behold *Perolla*, who provokes thy Vengeance!  
Whose Arm when free has been as much thy Terror,  
As now when bound in Chains 'twill be thy Safety;  
Whose Guardian Sword in the contested Field  
So oft has cut the hopes of thy Ambition,  
Which the *Lucalians*, *Sannites*, *Cassilinum*,  
*Th' Appulians*, and *Petilia* shall record to Ages:

## 60 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

Who not alone content to gall thee, thus  
Victorious in the Field; but to thy Arms  
Disgrace, to thy Head Quarters came disguis'd,  
Ey'n in thy Army's Centre forc'd thy Prisons,  
Destroy'd thy Guards, and in thy Powers Contempt  
Restor'd the Freedom of thy Foe condemn'd.

*Han.* Audacious Virtue!

*Per.* Nay, and who now was come, Resolv'd (but that  
His pious Daughter had foredone my purpose)  
To stop like her the Fury of thy lost Revenge,  
(Unless thou dar'st to break thy Honour's Bonds)  
By my demanded Pardon for the Life of *Blacius*.

*Pac.* Horror!

*Iza.* O most untimely Virtue!

*Per.* But since the Blood of *Izadora* is  
The Price decreed of thy extorting Mercy—

*Iza.* Hold!

Oh! Hold, unkind *Perolla*—O! Glorious *Hannibal*!  
Yet e're the Rashness of his Virtue moves  
To supersede the Claim of *Izadora*,  
Permit me but to offer him a started Thought;  
And by the hopes of suffering Innocence,  
So far is what I ask from means t' oppose,  
That yet I swear to double your Revenge.

*Han.* Such daring Spirits have I never seen;  
Thou hast our leave, propose thy Thought, and ease  
Me quick of this unactive Wonder.

[*Iza.* seems to Argue with *Perolla*.]  
Now! now, *Pacuvius*, help me in this strait  
Of tempted Honour, and oppos'd Revenge,  
*Pac.* Let my Example then inflame thy Soul!  
The lost *Perolla*, I perceive, as much  
Abhors your Person as your height of Glory;  
In that one Thought, he is no more my Son,  
No more am I his Father, but his Foe;  
Let then his Blood, offensive to us both,  
At once fate your Revenge and my Displeasure;  
There's Glory in so just a Sacrifice.

*Han.*

## PEROLLA and IZADORA. 61

Han. Amazement still pale brook within our hearts,  
Is't possible a Soul so weak with Spleen  
Can be the Sire of so much healthy Virtue ?

Per. My Death to save thee were a Pleasure : But,  
Iza, Can dying with me give thy Thoughts a pain?

Per. O ! that Enchanting Softness in thy Looks  
Prevails,—and yet —tis hard!

Iza. For me, Perolla,  
To make our Virtue try'd Immortal, as our Love !

Per. I cannot bear the painful Onset of  
Thy Eyes intreating ! O ! I yield ! 'tis done !  
And thus I trust thy Virtue with my Fame !

[Per. and Iza. kneel to Hannibal.]

Now truly Conquering Hannibal, behold,  
Submissive at thy Feet thy Foe subdued,  
Now asking Pardon of thy Pow'r defy'd :  
For I confess, 'twas pleasure to provoke thee,  
While I propos'd my Life resign'd might save  
The Innocent : But since our harder Fate  
Destroys us both by thy divided Mercy —

Iza. Since my vain Life, by great Perolla sav'd,  
Must leave my Father still expos'd to Death,  
And me in greater Torment from such Life accepted —

Per. Since in our strictest Search of Fate, we find  
No hope of mutual or of parted Happiness,  
We now implore our Crimes to thee confess,  
May share the Glory and the Punishment.

Iza. Since both are wretched, tho' but one shou'd bleed :

Per. We beg in Mercy both — I cannot speak it.

Iza. — Both may die together.

But for the joint Reward of our Discovery,  
Which we're compell'd in Duty to demand.

Per. And thou'rt in honour as firm bound to pay.

Iza. With an united Claim —

Both. We beg the Life of Blacius.

Pac. Then perish both, and double your Revenge.

Han. O weak Patroclus ! that canst think Revenge  
Consists in timely granting their Desires,  
The smart of Body is the Vulgar's Terror,

That

62 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

That have no farther Hope than sensual Life,  
No Pain like Obligations to the Brave;  
Great Souls by Greater only are subdu'd  
Release the Prisoner, and conduct him hither.

People. Huzzah!

Pac. Vain Hannibal! are these a Statesman's Maxims?

Han. Shall it be said by Time's succeeding Tongues,  
That Fortune set me up a Foe, whom Fear  
Advis'd me to secure, or that pale Envy  
Took shamefully the safe Advantage of  
His chanc'd Misfortunes to destroy him? No,  
The World shall see, that *Hannibal* in spite  
Of his ador'd Ambition dares be Great:  
First then to thee, *Pacuvius*, I restore  
That Son thy Friendship wou'd have sacrific'd,  
And to *Perolla*, as his Virtue's due,  
I give him to his Life his Liberty:  
To thee most wondrous Maid—

Pac. Yet hold! while I have cause to thank thee.

Han. What I resolve shall thank it self,

Pac. The Galling Thought!

Han. To thee, bright Excellence, whose softer Charms  
Might look the rugged Lion to Compassion  
From a Superiour Claim, than what my Honour is  
Engag'd to pay thy most amazing Piety,  
To thee I yield the forfeit Life of *Blacius*.

Iza. O Godlike *Hannibal*! [Bla. Iza. and Per. kneel.

Han. —— No Thanks be paid,  
For *Hannibal* stands more obliged to you,  
On whose firm Virtues prov'd I raise my own:  
But lest your Thanks refus'd shou'd give you pain,  
From thee, *Perolla*, I shall pleas'd receive 'em:  
Haste to the Field, and thank me with thy Sword,  
Rally thy scatter'd Legions, and oppose  
Me, bold in Arms, as thou hast dar'd for Love;  
Then when I meet thee most, my Glorious Foe,  
I'll call thee Vanquish'd, grateful to my Fame.

Per. Instructed thus, I am inspir'd to Thank thee:  
This graveul Sword, in thy fierce Arms oppos'd,

Shall

Shall tell the World what Dangers thou hast sought,  
What Hazards in this Mercy thou hast dar'd,  
To climb the Precipice of Martial Glory.  
Victor, or Vanquish'd, I'll record thy Fame.

*Pac.* Now vain inglorious *Hannibal!* to think  
Thou canst conceal from the discerning World  
The Native Colour of this half-painted Virtue:  
Wou'dst thou ascribe to Thirst of Glory, what  
So gross we see proceeds from Abject Love?  
Not Conquering *Izadora's* Virtues, but  
Her Eyes Victorious have subdu'd thy Honour! Gods!  
Is then the Trust of *Carthage* thus discharg'd,  
By granting publick Mercy to her Foes?  
O shame to Arms! that Honour, Justice, Fame,  
Shou'd lose their Force for a vain Smile of a Woman?  
A Flame, which Health of Sense will never own,  
Like Madness when 'tis cur'd, it ever was possess'd with.

*Han.* Injurious Man! whose rash unslak'd Revenge  
Wou'd stain a Soul, that soars above thy Slander.  
But to confirm the conscious World, and thee,  
That *Hannibal* despairs so base a Thought,  
Since Love has chang'd their Hearts, and grateful *Blacius*,  
As I am told, approves their mutual Fires,  
My Innocence thus joins their Hands for ever.

*Per.* Now, on my Soul, this Virtue pains my Sense,  
My swelling Heart's oppress'd with Obligations.  
O *Blacius!* *Portius!* *Izadora!*

*Pac.* Horror on Horror still! O! Rage of Pain!  
My Son insultant mingling with curs'd *Blacius* Blood!  
Have I for this abjur'd my Country's Cause?  
Despis'd the honest World's long held esteem,  
Sold my dear Fame, and cheated of the Price!

*Han.* Let my Example teach thee Temper.

*Pac.* Perish thy tame Philosophy!  
Low, as I am, my spiteful Stars shall see  
Not all their Malice cou'd subdue *Pacuvius!*  
And since my fatal Services to thee  
Are now at last Barbarian-like return'd  
With thy ungrateful Mercy to my Foe,

And

64 PEROLLA and IZADORA.

And in my Blood debas'd my fierce Revenge insulted,  
That Life I only valu'd as a Plague to *Blacins*,  
Seeing him bless'd, 'tis time shou'd be no more. [Stabs himself.]

Han. O horrid Act!

Per. My Father! —

Iza. O dire Distraction!

Pac. Since my sole Joy in Being was my *spine*,  
To *Blacins* Blood, 'twas then Relief to die,  
When 'twas in vain to hate him. [Dies.]

Han. Death only cou'd subdue so fierce a Passion.

Look up, *Perolla*, and restrain thy Tears:  
Thy Honour and thy Love demand thy Care:  
At once to free thee then from farther Fears,  
This fair one, *Blacins*, *Portius*, and thy self,  
Shall have our leave immediate to depart;  
A Squadron strait of our *Numidian* Horse  
Shall be detatch'd your Convoy to the Consul.

People. Huzzah!

Bla. And now from this Day's strange Events we see  
By what small Accidents the Gods maintain  
Against Man's vain Presumption their Decrees:  
But hence an Hour, and the dire Sword was drawn,  
That shou'd have pierc'd the streaming Life of *Blacins*,  
While fierce *Pacuvius* in too warm pursuit  
Of his Revenge advis'd the means, that lost it,  
And he who came assur'd to glut his Eyes  
With vengeful Pleasure at the Tragedy,  
Now lies himself sole Actor in the Scene:  
And last to crown their unforeseen Resolves,  
That all things might in course of Justice move,  
*Perolla's* bless'd with *Izadora's* Love.

FINIS.



